SUPERMAN
No.95
APRIL... TEN CENTS
A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION
ACTION COMICS
IMAGINE SUPERMAN BEING HIT WITH A CUSTARD PIE! PRETTY UNDIGNIFIED, ISN'T IT!
IN THIS ISSUE: THE PRANKSTER MAKES SUPERMAN "THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF METROPOLIS"

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ACTION COMICS, No. 95. April, 1946. Published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $1.50 including postage. Foreign, $3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1946 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

SUPERMAN
by
JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
WHAT CAN MAKE EVEN A STRONG MAN QUAKE WITH FEAR? ONE DAY THE PRANKSTER SAT DOWN AND PONDERED. AND OUT OF THE BRAIN OF THIS HUMAN BOOBY-TRAP EMERGED THE ANSWER..... RIDICULE!!..... THE MORE EXALTED THE INDIVIDUAL, THE EASIER A TARGET HE MAKES. HENCE, WHO WOULD BE MORE VULNERABLE TO RIDICULE THAN THE MOST PERFECT BEING ON EARTH -- SUPERMAN? HAS THE PRANKSTER AT LAST FOUND THE ONE FLAW IN THE MAN OF STEEL'S MAKEUP? IS THE MAN OF TOMORROW'S SENSE OF DIGNITY HIS ACHILLES' HEEL??? FOR THE MIRTH-QUAKING ANSWER, READ OF THE TORSY-TURVY TURN OF EVENTS WHICH OCCURRED WHEN SUPERMAN FOUND HIMSELF....."THE LAUGHING STOCK OF METROPOLIS!"

THOUSANDS HAVE GATHERED TO WITNESS **METROPOLIS'** TRIBUTE TO ITS FOREMOST BENEFACTOR-- **SUPERMAN!**

WHAT A PROUD DAY THIS IS FOR **SUPERMAN,** JIMMY! TO HAVE A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF UNVEILED IN HIS HONOR!

BUT IF YOU ASK ME, LOIS, IT WAS MIGHTY SMALL OF CLARK KENT TO STAY AWAY BECAUSE HE CONSIDERS **SUPERMAN** A RIVAL FOR YOUR AFFECTIONS.

MAYOR CALDWELL OPENS THE CEREMONY

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS PORTRAIT I AM ABOUT TO UNVEIL SYMBOLIZES OUR VAST APPRECIATION FOR THE MANY GOOD DEEDS **SUPERMAN** HAS PERFORMED IN OUR BEHALF!

ALL I CAN SAY IS---- THANK YOU!

A RIBBON IS PULLED, AND DOWN BILLOWS THE SCREENING CURTAIN!

AND NOW-- BEHOLD -- THE PORTRAIT-- **AWK!**

MY WORD--!

OF ALL--!

BUT WHY ALL THE STUNNED EXPRESSIONS?

A MURMUR OF LAUGHTER RIPPLES THROUGH THE ONLOOKERS, SWELLS INTO A CHORUS OF DEAFENING MIRTH....

HA,HA

HO,HO

HA,HA

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! SOMEONE HAS DEFACED THE PORTRAIT!

BUT--HA-HA--IT IS FUNNY, YOU MUST ADMIT!

THERE IT GOES AGAIN! HEE-HAWS! GIGGLES! GUFFAWS! I'VE BECOME THE **LAUGHING STOCK OF METROPOLIS!**

EVERY EFFECT HAS A CAUSE. TO LEARN THE REASON FOR **SUPERMAN'S** EMBARASSMENT, LET US DELVE INTO THE PAST....

...LET US GO BACK A FEW DAYS EARLIER AND EAVESDROP ON FOUR CRIME LORDS OF METROPOLIS AS THEY WAIT IMPATIENTLY FOR THE MAN WHO SUMMONED THEM...
THAT FOOL PRANKSTER!
HE PROMISED TO MEET US HERE...
...AN' HE'S AN HOUR LATE!
THE PRANKSTER!
ELUSIVE, AREN'T I? YOU DON'T MIND?
DON'T MIND?? WHY, YOU SILLY LITTLE LAME-BRAIN, WE CAME HERE TO DOPE OUT SOME WAY OF SHAKING SUPERMAN...
...NOT TO PLAY HIDE-AND-GO-SEEK WITH YOU!
"LANKY" LAMOND, CHET GRADY, "EARS" HOGG AND "BIGGIE" SMALL--ALL OF YOU BIG SHOTS! AND YET, WHEN IT COMES TO THE MATTER OF DEALING WITH SUPERMAN, YOU'VE GOT TO COME TO ME!
PRANKSTER, WE HAVEN'T TIME TO WASTE ON YOUR FOOLISHNESS! MAYBE WE MADE A MISTAKE ACCEPTING YOUR INVITATION TO COME HERE!
IF YOU'VE ANYTHING TO SAY, SAY IT!
SUPERMAN IS INVULNERABLE TO BULLETS, EXPLOSIVES, ACID AND ALL OTHER MEANS OF DESTRUCTION! IT REMAINED FOR ME TO DETECT THE ONE METHOD THAT WOULD ENABLE US TO RID OURSELVES OF HIM. GENTLEMEN, A ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR THE PRANKSTER!
APPLAUSE NOTHIN'! NOT UNTIL WE HEAR YOUR PLAN!
I WILL NOT REVEAL ONE DETAIL UNTIL YOU APPLAUD!
I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO HUMOR HIM.--HOORAY FOR THE PRANKSTER!
BRAVO!
BRAVO!
BRAVO!
GENTLEMEN, I KNOW THAT THIS ENTHUSIASM COMES STRAIGHT FROM YOUR HEARTS! (SNIFF!) WOULD THAT I COULD PROPERLY EXPRESS MY HUMBLE GRATITUDE (SOB)....
HOW LONG DO WE HAVE TO SIT THROUGH THIS?
WILL HE NEVER GET TO THE POINT?
3
BUT AS THE PRANKST...2 DRONES ON AND ON....
FROM THE ROCK-BOUND COAST OF MAINE--TO THE SUNNY SHORES OF CALIFORNIA--HM-MM! DOZED OFF!
Z Z Z
A TOAST, GENTLEMEN--TO THE BANISHMENT OF SUPERMAN!
STOP! UGH!
WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU...!

YOU CONCEITED CLOWN! I'VE HALF A MIND TO--
TUT-TUT!! A BAD TEMPER NEVER BENEFITTED ANYONE! JUST RELAX IN YOUR CHAIRS!
BUT AS THEY "RELAX"...
OUCH! I BEEN ELECTROCUTED!
HAW! IF YOU COULD ONLY SEE YOURSELF!
PRANKSTER, YOU'VE HAD A LOT OF FUN AT OUR EXPENSE! NOW WILL YOU TELL US YOUR PLAN, OR ...
VERY WELL. I'LL GUARANTEE TO RID METROPOLIS OF SUPERMAN FOR $100,000 - BUT I MUST HAVE A DOWN PAYMENT!
WRITE HIM A CHECK, BIGGIE.
VERY WELL, HERE YOU AR-- ULP!
HO, HO! OH, YOU'LL HAVE TO PARDON ME. I-I JUST COULDN'T RESIST!
THIS IS TOO MUCH! I CAN STAND ANYTHING BUT RIDICULE!
DON'T! WE NEED THE PRANKSTER!
GENTLEMEN, I HAVE SCORED MY POINT! THAT IS HOW WE SHALL DEFEAT SUPERMAN! BY RIDICULING HIM BEFORE THE PUBLIC, WE CAN LAUGH HIM OUT OF METROPOLIS!!!
HO, HO, HA, HA! POOR SUPER! WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO HIM WILL BE VERY FUNNY! BUT TO HIM IT WILL BE NO JOKE!!!
4

NEXT DAY...
CALLING SUPERMAN! URGENT! THIEVES HAVE LOCKED A TELLER INSIDE THE NATIONAL BANK'S TIME-VAULT! HE MAY SUFFOCATE! CALLING SUPERMAN!..!
YOU HEAR THAT, CLARK? THAT'S A STORY!
RIGHT WITH YOU, LOIS! ("I'VE GOT TO SHAKE HER SO THAT I CAN GO INTO ACTION AS SUPERMAN! BUT HOW??-")
LOOK OUT!
OW!
BETTER GO WITHOUT ME, LOIS. I SEEM TO HAVE A BAD SPRAIN.
ALL RIGHT, CLARK, BUT TAKE CARE OF THAT ANKLE!
NO SOONER DOES THE ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSE THAN THE RECUMBENT FIGURE LEADS ERECT....
THAT WAS EASY! NOW TO BEAT LOIS TO THE BANK!
MOMENTS LATER....
WHERE?
THERE! WHEN THE ROBBERS ESCAPED, THEY INFORMED US THEY HAD TRAPPED ONE OF OUR CLERKS IN THE SAFE!
THE MASSIVE SAFE-DOOR GIVES LIKE CARDBOARD BEFORE THE MIGHTY MUSCLES OF SUPERMAN!
I'M AN OLD HAND AT---
5.
--THIS TYPE OF THING.... BLUB!
SPLAT!

WHAT GOES ON??
I-I REALLY DON'T KNOW HA-HA! PLEASE EXCUSE ME, SUPERMAN! BUT THE EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE WHEN THAT--HA-HA-THAT PIE HIT YOU....!
LATER, IN AN EMPTY CORRIDOR NEAR THE BANK'S ENTRANCE, SUPERMAN TRANSFORMS HIMSELF BACK TO THE IDENTITY OF THE MEEK SCRIBE.....
SOMEONE'S HAVING A BIG LAUGH AT MY EXPENSE, BUT HE CERTAINLY WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE!
CLARK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? AND HOW DID YOUR ANKLE HEAL SO SOON?
I--ER--UH-- ("HOW AM I GOING TO TALK MYSELF OUT OF THIS??-")
OH, I SEE! YOU JUST PRETENDED YOUR ANKLE WAS HURT SO THAT YOU COULD GET HERE FIRST AND SCOOP ME! YOU CUR!
WELL, LOIS, ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE, WAR, AND THE NEWSPAPER GAME ("-THIS IS ONE TIME LOIS UNWITTINGLY ALIBIED FOR ME!-")
HA, HA! I CANT HELP CHUCKLING WHEN I THINK HOW SILLY SUPERMAN LOOKED WITH THAT PIE PLANTED SQUARE IN HIS FACE!
HA! HA! POOR SUPERMAN! I WISH I COULD HAVE SEEN IT!
I THOUGHT SUPERMAN WAS YOUR HERO!
NO WONDER THEY SAY WOMEN ARE FICKLE! I--
UP THERE! A MAN--FALLING TO HIS DEATH!!
6

I-I CAN'T LOOK!
("- WHICH ENABLES ME TO PERFORM THE SWITCHEROO UN-NOTICED-")
SUPERMAN HURTLES IN AND CATCHES THE PLUMMETING FIGURE A MOMENT BEFORE IT NEARS THE PAVEMENT....
THRILLING!
THAT WAS SUPERMAN IN ACTION!
WHAT A DARING RESCUE!
BUT ABRUPTLY THE ADMIRATION OF ALL CHANGES TO A GALE OF SPONTANEOUS LAUGHTER, FOR....
WILL YA LOOK AT THAT! HAW-HAW!
A VERY IMPORTANT RESCUE-- I DON'T THINK!
A DUMMY! FUNNY TO THEM, BUT EMBARRASSING TO ME!
QUICKLY, SUPERMAN REVERTS TO THE IDENTITY OF CLARK KENT....
WHAT A STORY THIS WILL MAKE! SUPERMAN FOOLED! I SURE FEEL SORRY FOR HIM!
("- RIDICULE IS BAD ENOUGH! BUT WHEN IT'S COMBINED WITH PITY....!-")
DAILY PLANET
SUPERMAN A LAUGHING-STOCK!!!
LOIS LANE
BUT--HO, HO--TOPPING ANY FUNNY STORY I COULD TELL YOU IS THE THOUGHT OF A CUSTARD PIE LANDING--HA, HA--IN SUPERMAN'S FACE!
VERY UNCOMICAL!
THAT'S ALL A MATTER OF OPINION, CLARK!
BUT NO ONE LAUGHS LOUDER THAN--- THE PRANKSTER!
HO! HO! HO! IF THERE'S ANYTHING THE GREAT AMERICAN PUBLIC ENJOYS MORE THAN BUILDING UP A HERO, IT'S--HA, HA, HA--TEARING HIM DOWN! THE WHOLE TOWN'S LAUGHING AT SUPERMAN!!! HAW!! HAW!!!
7

THE NEXT DAY, A POLITICAL CONVENTION IS TERRORIZED BY A MAYHEM-MINDED HECKLER...
BAH! I'M SICK OF ALL THIS DRIVEL! IT'S BETTER THAT ALL OF YOU DIE!
A BOMB!
HE'S MAD!
THERE'LL BE NO WHOLESALE MURDERS IF I CAN HELP IT - AND INCIDENTALLY THIS MAY HELP RE-ESTABLISH ME IN THE PUBLIC EYE!
BUT UNEXPECTEDLY....
ULP! - FOOLED AGAIN! THE "BOMB" IS A ROTTEN TOMATO!
HO, HO! HEE-EEE! HAH! HA! HA! DOESN'T HE LOOK SILLY??
THE MAN WHO HURLED THE TOMATO - GONE! SOMETHING TELLS ME I HAD BETTER FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE!
TOO BAD IT WASN'T REALLY A BOMB, STUPIDMAN!
YOU MUST BE TERRIBLY DISAPPOINTED!
METROPOLIS' MAYOR CALLS A SPECIAL SESSION OF THE CITY COUNCIL...
WE'VE GOT TO COMBAT THIS RIDICULING OF SUPERMAN BEFORE THE UNDERWORLD GETS OUT OF HAND!
I SUGGEST WE HONOR SUPERMAN BY PUBLICLY UNVEILING A PORTRAIT OF HIM!
AN EXCELLENT IDEA!
WHICH BRINGS US UP TO DATE AND TO THE SCENE OF SUPERMAN'S PRESENT EMBARRASSMENT..
FRIENDS! FOR YEARS I'VE DEDICATED MY POWERS TO HELPING THE PEOPLE IN THIS COMMUNITY! NOW, IT SEEMS, I'VE BECOME A BUFFOON IN YOUR EYES! THEREFORE, MY USEFULNESS HERE IS AT AN END. IT'S TIME TO SAY GOODBYE--AND THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES!
YOU FOOLS--YOU'VE LOST THE BEST FRIEND THIS CITY EVER HAD!
JUST BECAUSE YOU HAD TO BRAY LIKE A PACK OF HYENAS! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? SUPERMAN'S GONE--GONE FOR GOOD!

TRUE TO THE CRIME LORD'S EXPECTATIONS, THEIR ILLEGAL PURSUITS WAX INCREASINGLY PROFITABLE WITH THE MAN OF TOMORROW IN SELF-EXILE!
STOP
AND IN A NEARBY CITY....
A CRIME-WAVE IN METROPOLIS! PERHAPS I WAS WRONG TO LET THOSE PRANKS GET MY GOAT. WAIT! PRANKS.... PRANKSTER... WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?!
AND NOW OCCURS A MENTAL FEAT UNPARALLELED IN ALL HISTORY! PROBING BACK INTO THE PAST, CLARK'S PHOTO-GRAPHIC MEMORY SUMMONS UP EXACT REPRODUCTIONS OF VARIOUS SCENES.....
THAT MAN WHO HURLED THE "BOMB" WAS THE PRANKSTER IN DISGUISE! AND THOSE FINGER-PRINTS ON THE DEFACED POSTER-HIS!
HA! HA!-I BEGIN TO SEE IT ALL NOW! THIS IS ONE OF THE PRANKSTER'S PLOTS! WELL, IT WORKED -ALMOST! HM-MM. MAYBE I CAN CONJURE UP A FEW PRANKS OF MY OWN....
SOON AFTER, AN INTERESTING AD APPEARS IN THE PAGES OF THE DAILY PLANET....
DAILY PLANET
COMING!!!
THE FUNNIEST MAN ON EARTH!!!
(FUNNIER EVEN THAN THE PRANKSTER)
HEAR OF HIS COLOSSAL HOAXES AND GAGS THAT MADE THE WORLD ROCK WITH LAUGHTER!
THE ONE--THE ONLY PROFESSOR HI LARYUS
TOMORROW
FREE FREE FREE
PHOENIX AUDITORIUM
FUNNIEST MAN ON EARTH, EH? FUNNIER EVEN THAN THE PRANKSTER?! THAT'S A LIE! NO ONE IS FUNNIER THAN I! NO ONE! WHEN I FINISH WITH THIS SO-CALLED COMEDIAN, HE'LL LAUGH OUT THE OTHER SIDE OF OF HIS FACE!
ALL METROPOLIS TURNS OUT FOR THE FREE LAUGHS...
QUITE A CROWD, EH JIMMY?
RIGHT! SEEMS AS IF THE WHOLE TOWN IS HERE!

AND NOW WE PRESENT THE ONE – THE ONLY -- THE UPROARIOUS . PROFESSOR HI LARYUS!!!
YO-HO! LE'S GO! WELL WATTAYAKNOW??
EVENIN', FOLKS! HERE I AM, YOURS -- ALL YOURS!!! ALL SET TO TELL YOU ABOUT SOME OF MY BALMIER STUNTS! WELL, ARE YA READY? THEN, YO-HO, LE'S GO!!!!
TELL ME FRANKLY, STRANGER - BY THE WILDEST STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION, DO YOU SEE ANYTHING FUNNY IN THAT GUY?
QUIET, PLEASE - YOU'RE INTERRUPTING THE SHOW!
HO! HO! THIS'LL KILLYA! ONCE I HIRED A CONSTRUCTION COMPANY TO TEAR DOWN A SKYSCRAPER. THE JOB WAS HALF FINISHED BEFORE THEY LEARNED I DIDN'T OWN THE STRUCTURE! HO! HO! THIS IS MURDER -- MURDER!!!!
THEN - HEE HEE-EE-E - THERE WAS THE TIME I PRETENDED TO BE ROYALTY. A WHOLE CITY WINED AND DINED ME! HEIRESSES PURSUED ME. ADVERTISERS HAUNTED ME! HAH-HAH-HAA-AA!!! CAN ANYONE DENY I'M THE FUNNIEST MAN ON EARTH??!!
ME!!
I DENY IT! BECAUSE I, AND NOT YOU, AM THE FUNNIEST MAN IN THE WORLD!
THE PRANKSTER!!!

NEVER IN ALL MY LIFE HAVE I SEEN ANYONE AS DOLEFUL, GLOOMY, CHEERLESS AND SOLEMN AS YOURSELF! AND AS FOR YOUR "PRANKS", VERILY, I AM THE FATHER OF ALL PRANKS, AS WITNESS MY VERY NAME: PRANKSTER!
YOU MAKE BIG CLAIMS, LITTLE MAN! WHY NOT PROVE THEM?
WELL-LL, THERE WAS THE TIME MY HIRELINGS AND I GAVE AWAY MONEY TO BANKS, INSTEAD OF ROBBING THEM, UNTIL ONE DAY, AFTER WE WERE WELCOME AT ALL BANKS, WE WALKED OFF WITH A FORTUNE!
THEN, IN THE ADVENTURE OF "THE WIZARD OF WISHES", I APPARENTLY MADE PEOPLE'S WISHES COME TRUE, FOR A PRICE! AND....
NOT FUNNY ENOUGH! IN FACT, BORING!
OH, YEAH? WELL, LAUGH THIS ONE OFF, BROTHER! SUPERMAN JUST SKIPPED OUT OF TOWN BECAUSE I FIXED IT SO THAT HE COULDN'T STAND THE RIDICULE I SHOWERED HIM WITH! LAMOND, GRADY, HOGG AND SMALL PAID ME PLENTY FOR IT, TOO, AND....
THE SILLY FOOL!
HE'S GOT TO BE SILENCED!
HE'S TALKING TOO MUCH!
ONLY ONE WAY TO SHUT HIS MOUTH PERMANENTLY!
BLAM! BLAM!
AS A BARRAGE OF BULLETS ANGLE IN FROM VARIOUS CORNERS OF THE AUDITORIUM, HI LARYUS LEAPS BEFORE THE PRANKSTER....
THOSE BULLETS! BOUNCING OFF YOUR CHEST! THERE'S ONLY ONE EXPLANATION! YOU... YOU'RE....!
GO ON--!
.. SUPERMAN!
ABSOLUTELY CORRECT! AND NOW TO TAKE CARE OF THOSE GUN-WIELDERS BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT!
11

I CANNOT TELL A LIE. I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE PINKY!
UHH-HH!
KNOCK ON WOOD!
UFF-FFF!
THIS IS ONE TIME I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU USE YOUR HEADS!
BONG!
SO THE PRANKSTER HAS RUN OFF, EH? FIRST THE WINDUP... THEN THE PITCH... THIS JUGGLER'S BALL COMES IN HANDY!
GUIDED BY SUPERMAN'S UNERRING SKILL, THE BALL GLANCES OFF A WALL, ROUNDS A CORNER, BOUNCES OFF A STAGE HAND'S HEAD, SOARS THRU A WINDOW AND....
....UPSETS A BOARD SO THAT A CAN OF PAINT CASCADES DOWN UPON THE ESCAPING PRANKSTER'S HEAD!
SLURP! --IS MY FACE RED!
CONGRATULATIONS, SUPERMAN! YOU CERTAINLY TURNED THE TABLES ON THE PRANKSTER!
I GUESS IT'S TRUE THAT~ "HE WHO LAUGHS LAST, LAUGHS BEST!"
HO! HO! BUT IS THIS THE LAST LAUGH? YOU KNOW, WE MAY MEET AGA.N!
THE END

YOU **DON'T NEED** A CRYSTAL BALL TO CHECK YOUR MOTHER ON WHEATIES.

ALL YOU NEED IS AN EATING ACQUAINTANCESHIP WITH THOSE CHAMPION WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES. 'CAUSE ONCE YOU KNOW WHEATIES SWELL NOURISHMENT, SWELEGANT FLAVOR YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE MIGHTY SURE THERE'S A BIG STOCK OF WHEATIES ON HAND--ALWAYS!

BETTER **LOOK INTO** YOUR SUPPLY OF WHEATIES...RIGHT NOW. YOU'LL WANT LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"--TOMORROW MORNING.

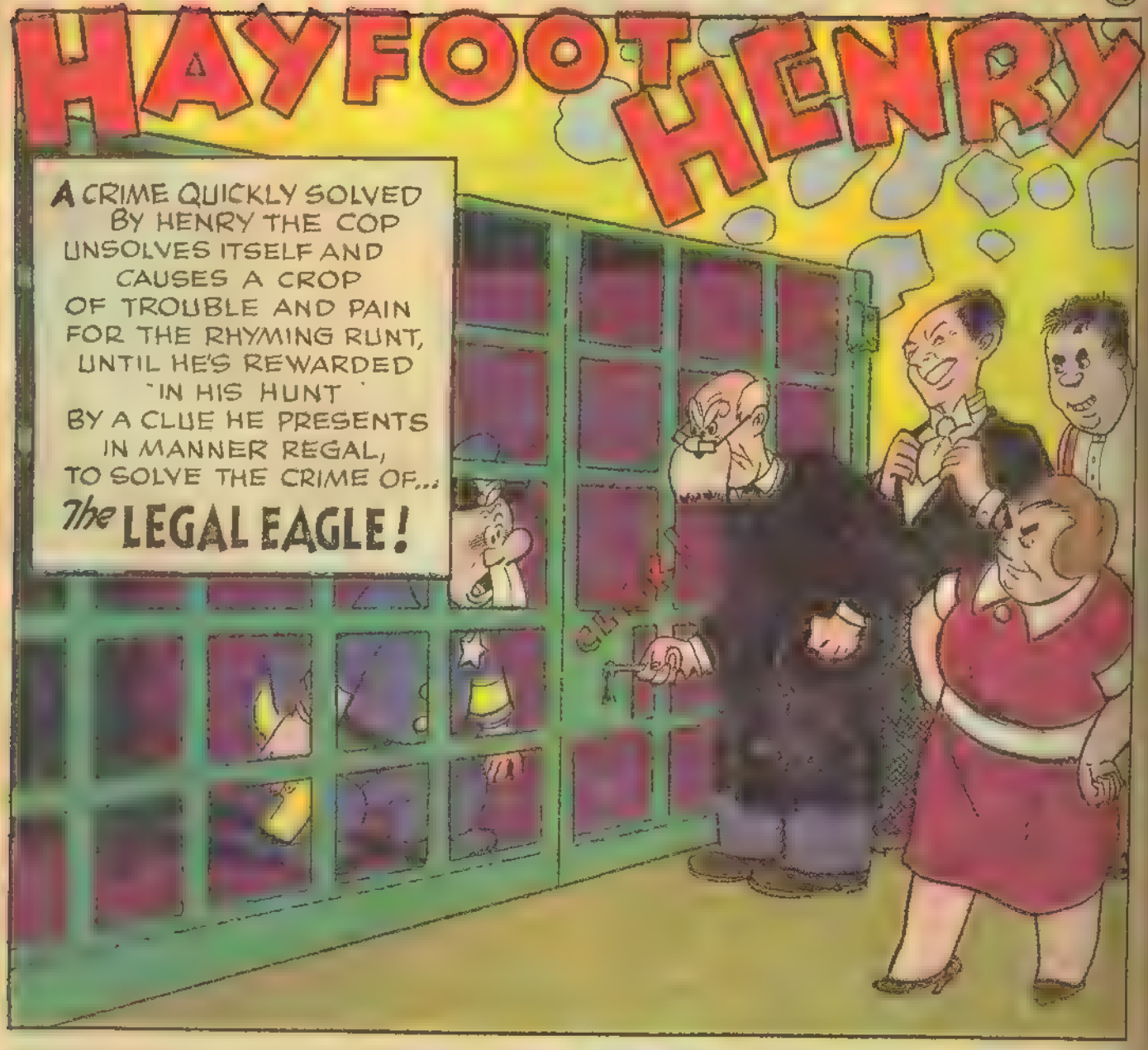
HAVE 'EM EVERY DAY!

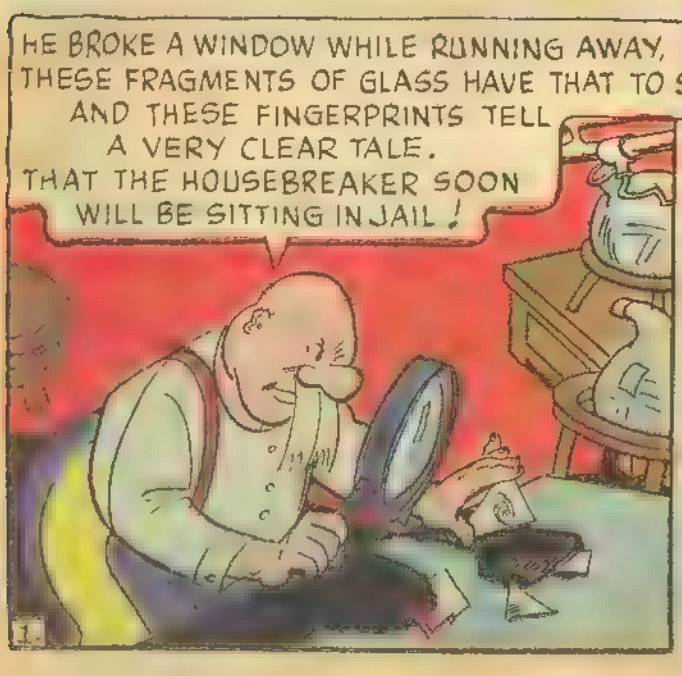
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

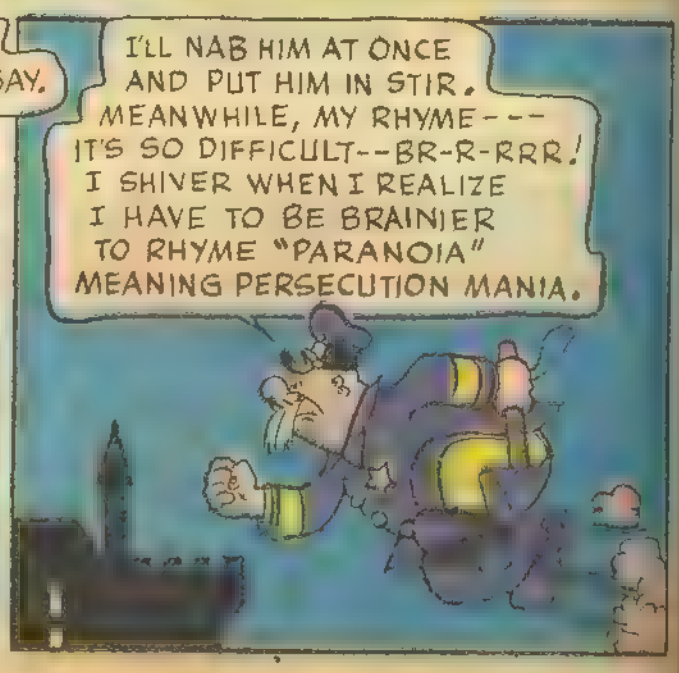
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Wheaties and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

HAYFOOT HENRY



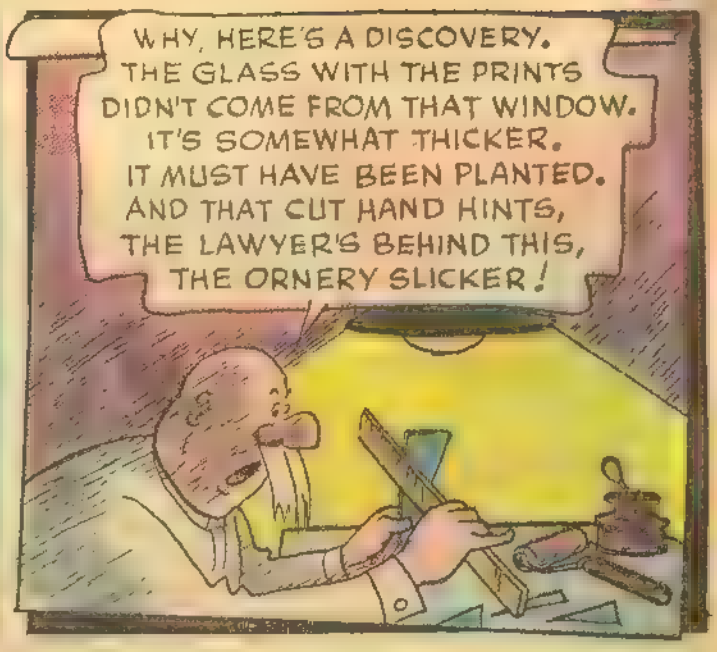

HE BROKE A WINDOW WHILE RUNNING AWAY,
THESE FRAGMENTS OF GLASS HAVE THAT TO SAY.
AND THESE FINGERPRINTS TELL
A VERY CLEAR TALE.
THAT THE HOUSEBREAKER SOON
WILL BE SITTING IN JAIL!

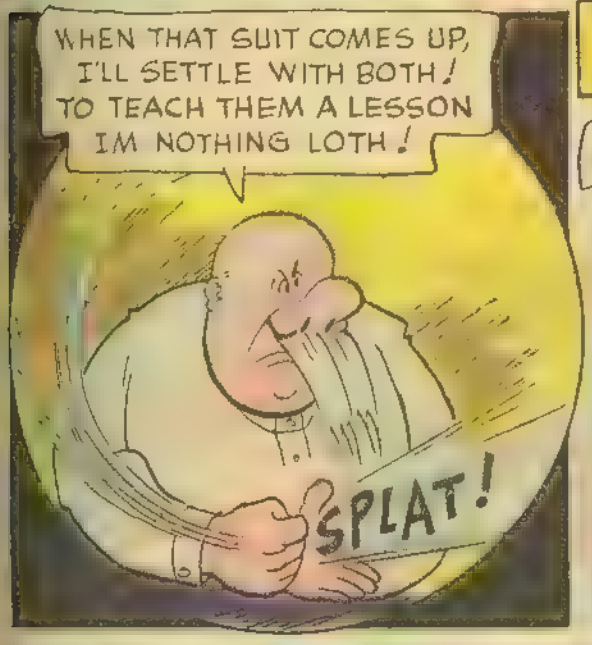

I'LL NAB HIM AT ONCE
AND PUT HIM IN STIR.
MEANWHILE, MY RHYME---
IT'S SO DIFFICULT--BR-R-RRR!
I SHIVER WHEN I REALIZE
I HAVE TO BE BRAINIER
TO RHYME "PARANOIA"
MEANING PERSECUTION MANIA.

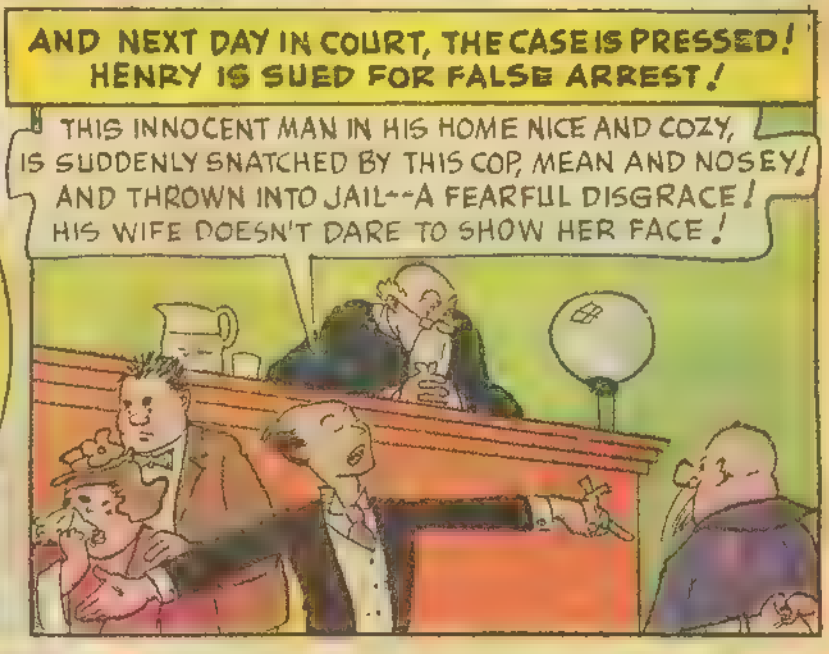
PARDON, MRS. SOUR, FOR THIS SUDDEN ARREST, BUT YOUR HUSBAND'S A BURGLAR, THE PRINTS SO ATTEST!
BUT I TELL YOU, MY MILTY JUST COULDN'T BE GUILTY!
NO USE TO CRY, FINGERPRINTS DON'T LIE!
I'LL SUE YOU FOR SLANDER, LIBEL AND MALICE! GET OUT BEFORE I HURL THIS CHALICE!
SHE'S A VERY TOUGH GAL. AND PERFECTLY RIGHT. I WASN'T THE THIEF IN THAT HOUSE LAST NIGHT.
NO USE DENYING THAT YOU'RE THE THIEF, BUT IF YOU CAN HELP ME OUT OF MY GRIEF WITH A RHYME FOR "PARANOIA", MR. SOUR, I'LL GIVE YOU A CELL WITH A PRIVATE SHOWER.
MY LAWYER, FOR THAT IS THE ONE TO SEE HE'S THE MAN WHO'LL SET ME FREE, HE'S VERY INTELLIGENT, FEARFULLY SMART AND KNOWS ALMOST EVERYTHING BY HEART.
I'M SOUR'S ATTORNEY! WHERE IS HIS CELL? I'VE GOT SOME LEGAL ADVICE THAT'S SWELL!
YOU'RE JUST THE CHAP HE SAID I SHOULD ASK TO SOLVE A DIFFICULT RHYMING TASK.
SLEEPYSIDE JAIL
2

A GOOD SUM OF MONEY IS WHAT I REQUIRE TO FIND THE RHYME YOU SO DESIRE.
SKIP THE WHOLE THING, I'VE GOT THE WRONG STATION. YOU'RE LIABLE TO CHARGE ME FOR CONVERSATION!
LATER...
HENRY--QUICK! A THIEF'S ENTERED MY HOME! HE TOOK MY MONEY, MY TOOTH-BRUSH EVEN MY COMB!
ALL THESE BURGLAR-IN SLEEPYSIDE, AND ME WITH RHYME SO SORELY TRIED!
HE BROKE THAT WINDOW COMING OUT! YOU MUSTN'T FAIL TO CATCH THE LOUT!
PERHAPS THIS GLASS HAS FINGERPRINTS TOO. I'LL EXAMINE THE FRAGMENTS IT'S ALL I CAN DO!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT COULDN'T BE TRUE THAT A MAN IN JAIL COMMITTED THIS TOO! THESE ARE SOUR'S PRINTS. THERE'S NO MISTAKE! THIS MYSTERY MAKES MY POOR HEAD ACHE!
YOU WERE RIGHT. YOUR CASE IS STRONG. FINGERPRINTS OBVIOUSLY CAN BE WRONG. I'M FREEING YOUR HUSBAND FROM JAIL AT ONCE. I MUST CONFESS I'VE BEEN A DUNCE.
FOR ARRESTING SOUR, WE'LL BE REDRESSED. WE'RE SUING YOU FOR FALSE ARREST!
WHY--POOR MAN-- YOU'VE HURT YOUR HAND! HUH? SUING ME? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
3.

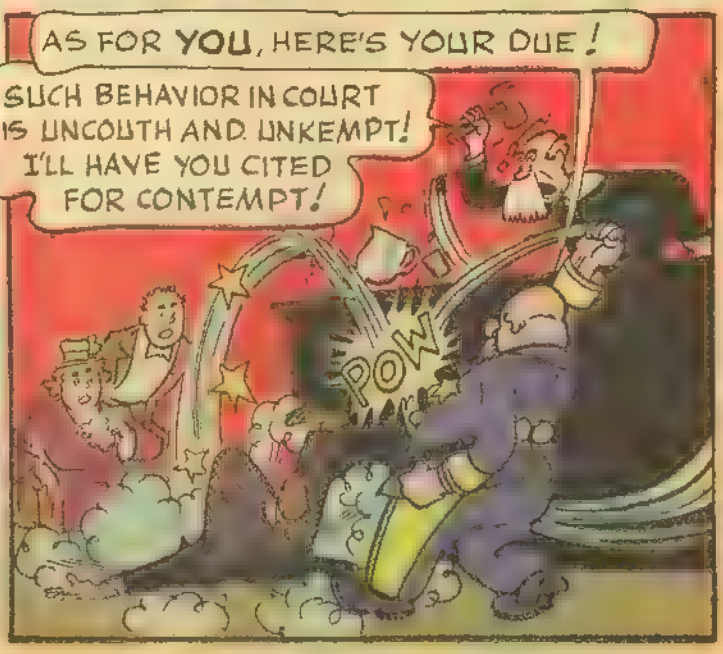
SOMETHING ABOUT THAT TRIO IS ROTTEN. WHERE COULD THOSE PHONEY PRINTS HAVE BEEN GOTTEN?


WHY, HERE'S A DISCOVERY. THE GLASS WITH THE PRINTS DIDN'T COME FROM THAT WINDOW. IT'S SOMEWHAT THICKER. IT MUST HAVE BEEN PLANTED. AND THAT CUT HAND HINTS, THE LAWYER'S BEHIND THIS, THE ORNERY SLICKER!


WHEN THAT SUIT COMES UP, I'LL SETTLE WITH BOTH! TO TEACH THEM A LESSON IM NOTHING LOTH!
SPLAT!


AND NEXT DAY IN COURT, THE CASE IS PRESSED! HENRY IS SUED FOR FALSE ARREST!
THIS INNOCENT MAN IN HIS HOME NICE AND COZY, IS SUDDENLY SNATCHED BY THIS COP, MEAN AND NOSEY! AND THROWN INTO JAIL--A FEARFUL DISGRACE! HIS WIFE DOESN'T DARE TO SHOW HER FACE!

SO SAD! TOO BAD!
MILTY IS GUILTY!


AS FOR YOU, HERE'S YOUR DUE!
SUCH BEHAVIOR IN COURT IS UNCOUTH AND UNKEMPT! I'LL HAVE YOU CITED FOR CONTEMPT!
POW

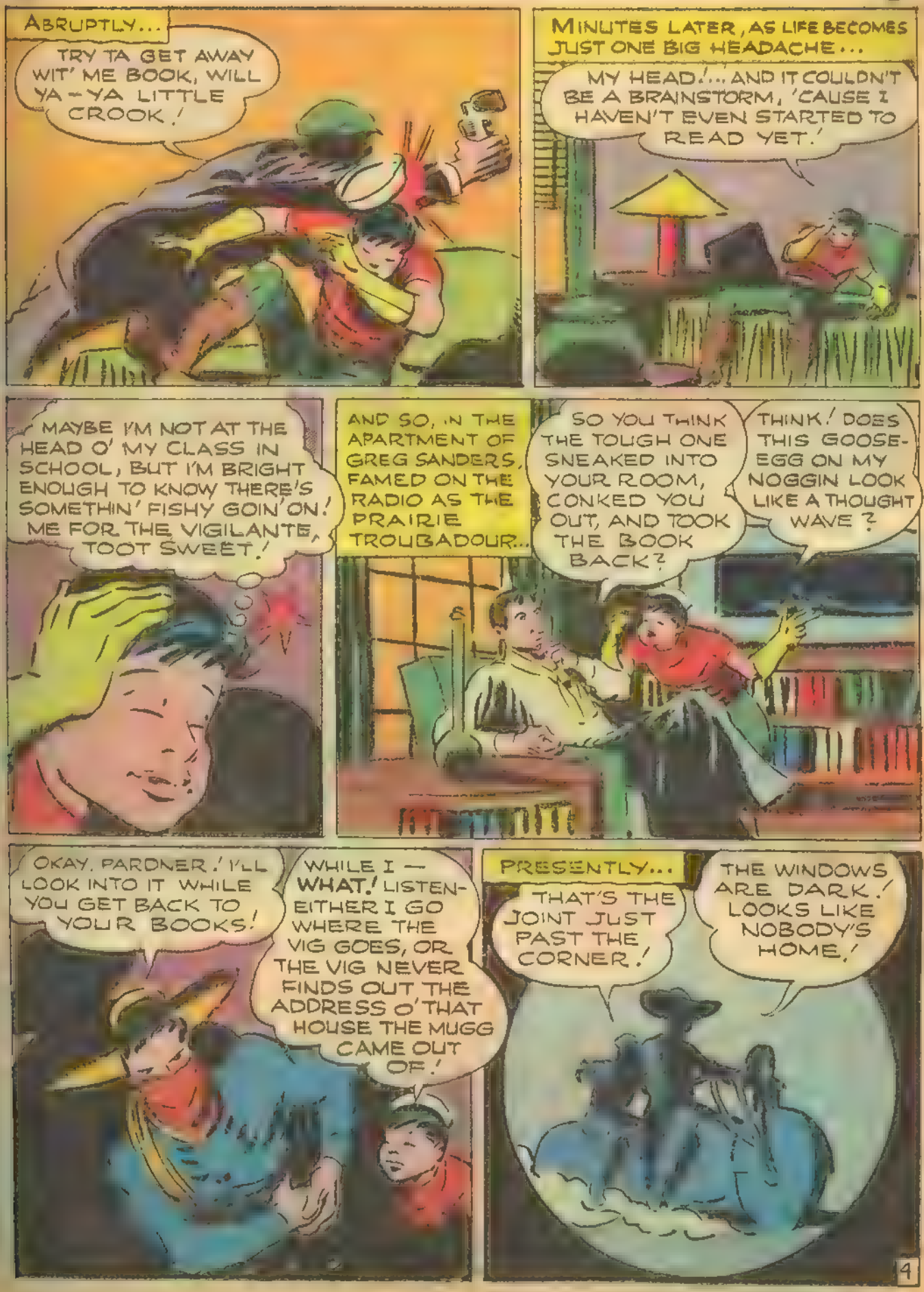
EXPLAIN YOUR BEHAVIOR OR GET THIRTY DAYS!
ON THE CONTRARY, JUDGE, I'M EXPECTING A RAISE!
SUCH IMPUDENCE! PLEASE HOLD MY COAT! I'M GOING TO MURDER THAT UNIFORMED GOAT!
WITH MY PERMISSION-- THOUGH IT'S NEVER DONE IN A COURT OF LAW-- YOU MAY POKE HIM ONE!
BUT JUDGE, I CAN PROVE THE GUILT OF THIS PAIR. JUST HEAR ME OUT! LET THE TRUTH BE LAID BARE!
SMOP!
WHEN HE WENT TO SEE SOUR IN HIS CELL, I'LL SWEAR HE PUT SOUR'S PRINTS ON FRAGMENTS OF GLASS, THEN ROBBED A HOUSE AND LEFT THE GLASS THERE TO ESTABLISH SOUR'S INNOCENCE. HOW'S THAT FOR BRASS?
HOW ABOUT HIS CUT HAND? LET HIM EXPLAIN AND THIS GLASS WITH THE PRINTS-- NOT FROM THE WINDOW-PANE!
OH, DEAR ME, I'LL BE DISBARRED!
OH FELLOWS LIKE YOU, THE LAW IS HARD!
QUITE AN EVENT TO SEE A COP BAR A LAWYER!
WHY, JUDGE, DID YOU SAY, "BAR A LAWYER"? THAT'S A CLOSE ENOUGH RHYME TO "PAR-A-NOIA"!
THE END
5.

VOLTO FROM MARS
HIS STRANGE MAGNETIC POWERS SAVE HIM FROM BEING TORN TO BITS BY A SAVAGE BEAST....
ON A CAMPING TRIP IN THE NORTHWEST...
LOOK! BEAR TRACKS! AND A MAN'S FOOTPRINTS, TOO!
WOW! IT'S VOLTO...BUT HE CAN'T GET FREE TO USE HIS POWERS. I'LL FIX THAT BEAR!
SWELL SHOT ..YOU'VE HIT THE BEAR!
FREED FROM THE GRIZZLY'S DEATH GRIP ...
NOW I'LL FINISH THIS! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS!
VOLTO!
ON THE WAY BACK TO CAMP ANOTHER FEROCIOUS GRIZZLY SEEKS REVENGE FOR HIS MATE...
HELP!
THANKS FOR HELPING ME, JOE.
O.K., JIMMY! STILL HAVE MY GOOD RIGHT ARM! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" IT ATTRACTS!
VOLTO!
BOY AM I BUSHED!
ME TOO! I SURE NEED SOME WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL TO RECHARGE MY MAGNETISM. WHERE'S THE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES?
BOY, THESE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES ARE GOOD! AND WE NEED THEIR WHOLE-GRAIN ENERGY!
GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
CPP 945, GENERAL FOODS CORP.
TUNE IN HOP HARRIGAN ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

VIGILANTE
"READING MAKETH A FULL MAN," SAID THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER, FRANCIS BACON—BUT STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, GETS HIS FILL OF THRILLS BEFORE HE HAS SCANNED SO MUCH AS A LINE IN HIS NEWEST AND MOST AMBITIOUS STUDY PROGRAM! FOR, IN THE HANDS OF A CRIMINAL GENIUS, PRINTED VOLUMES SERVE STARTLING AND SINISTER PURPOSES—AND THE VALIANT VIGILANTE HAS NEED OF ALL HIS WITS AND WEAPONS TO COMBAT THE MENACE OF —
"THE BURGLING BOOKMAN!"
DIARY OF CRIME
MORT MORTON JR.

IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS AS FAR AS STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, IS CONCERNED!
YOUR MARKS THIS MONTH ARE LOWER THAN THEY'VE EVER BEEN! DO YOU WANT TO GROW UP TO BE AN IGNORAMUS—A FAILURE IN A WORLD OF EDUCATED PEOPLE?
OH, NO, MA'AM!
YOU'LL HAVE TO READ, STUDY, WORK HARD IF YOU WANT TO SUCCEED IN LIFE! KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, YOU KNOW!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! I'VE BEEN TAKIN' IT EASY—BUT FROM NOW ON I'M A CHANGED MAN!
KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, HUH? AND I'M TURNIN' INTO A MORON, HUH?... ME FOR THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, RIGHT NOW!
I'LL SHOW HER! I'LL SHOW EVERYBODY! I'LL READ ALL THE BOOKS IN THIS JOINT IF IT TAKES ME—A MONTH!
THESE'LL DO FOR A STARTER! I'LL GIVE 'EM A QUICK GOIN' OVER TONIGHT, AND FINISH THE FIRST SHELF TOMORROW!
AND HERE ARE TWO OTHER BOOKISH GENTLEMEN, SOON TO ENTER STUFF'S LIFE...
T'ANKS FOR DA BOOK ON ANCIENT HISTORY, BRAINS! I'LL GET A LOTO' PLEASURE OUTA IT! HA, HA!
PLEASURE AND PROFIT, MONK.
PLEASURE AN' PROFIT! HA, HA! BRAINS SURE IS A SMART OPERATOR!
WHEW! I SEE WHERE MY MUSCLES ARE GONNA GET EDUCATED, TOO, BEFORE I FINISH ALL THE BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY!
2

THE NEXT MOMENT...
HEY! WHAT YA TRYIN' TA DO?
OOPS!
KEEP BACK! YA AIN'T GONNA WALK OFF WIT' MY BOOK!
HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT GONNA WALK OFF WITH MINE?
AFTER DIS, LOOK WHERE YA GOIN'!
WHAT'S A MUGG LIKE HIM DOIN' WITH A BOOK, ANY-WAY?
WHEN THE CHINATOWN KID REACHES HIS ROOM...
NOW FOR AN EVENIN' O' HARD READ.N'! MIGHT AS WELL START WITH THAT ANCIENT HISTORY BOOK AND WORK UP TO THE HEP-CAT AGE!
AH, YES—THE STUDIOUS LIFE IS FULL OF SURPRISES!
WHAT'S THIS?..SUFFERIN' CATFISH—HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS PASTED TO THE PAGES!
A HUNDRED AND FIFTY OF 'EM—FIFTEEN THOUSAND SMACKERS!... AND IT ISN'T A PUBLIC LIBRARY BOOK, 'CAUSE IT ISN'T STAMPED!
MEANWHILE, A FURTIVE FIGURE HAS MOUNTED THE FIRE ESCAPE TO STUFF'S WINDOW...
THAT MUGG'S BOOK MUSTA BEEN THE SAME AS ONE O' MINE, AND WE GOT 'EM SWITCHED! I BETTER TAKE IT BACK TO THAT HOUSE HE CAME OUT OF.
OOOO


ABRUPTLY...
TRY TA GET AWAY WIT' ME BOOK, WILL YA—YA LITTLE CROOK!
MINUTES LATER, AS LIFE BECOMES JUST ONE BIG HEADACHE...
MY HEAD!... AND IT COULDN'T BE A BRAINSTORM, 'CAUSE I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED TO READ YET.'
MAYBE I'M NOT AT THE HEAD O' MY CLASS IN SCHOOL, BUT I'M BRIGHT ENOUGH TO KNOW THERE'S SOMETHIN' FISHY GOIN' ON! ME FOR THE VIGILANTE, TOOT SWEET!
AND SO, IN THE APARTMENT OF GREG SANDERS, FAMED ON THE RADIO AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...
SO YOU THINK THE TOUGH ONE SNEAKED INTO YOUR ROOM, CONKED YOU OUT, AND TOOK THE BOOK BACK?
THINK! DOES THIS GOOSE-EGG ON MY NOGGIN LOOK LIKE A THOUGHT WAVE?
OKAY, PARDNER! I'LL LOOK INTO IT WHILE YOU GET BACK TO YOUR BOOKS!
WHILE I — WHAT! LISTEN- EITHER I GO WHERE THE VIG GOES, OR THE VIG NEVER FINDS OUT THE ADDRESS O' THAT HOUSE THE MUGG CAME OUT OF!
PRESENTLY...
THAT'S THE JOINT JUST PAST THE CORNER!
THE WINDOWS ARE DARK! LOOKS LIKE NOBODY'S HOME!

RIGHT! NOBODY'S HOME NOW, BUT SOME-TIME BACK
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, DIGGER, IS DELIVER THIS BOOK TO WALLISTON, PERSONALLY, AND THEN WAIT AROUND FOR THE BOYS AND ME TO SHOW UP.
CHEE, BRAINS— I LIKE WORKIN' FOR YOUSE!
THEN, AT THE PALATIAL HOME OF COLLECTOR WILBERT WALLISTON...
A BOOK? WHO SENT IT?
HE DIDN'T TELL ME HIS NAME! HE JUST SAID YA'D TRADE EVERYTING IN DIS HOUSE TA OWN IT!
HMMM... AN ORDINARY-LOOKING VOLUME! WONDER WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT IT?... THE PAGES SEEM TO BE OF VERY STIFF PARCHMENT OR VELLUM...
STIFF— AND SHARP! CONFOUND IT, I'VE CUT MY FINGER ON THE CORNER OF ONE OF THEM!
OUGHT TO -- PUT SOMETHING --ON THE CUT! BUT I'M SO SLEEPY—ALL OF A SUDDEN! SO— -- SLEE--EE-EEPY--
THERE! HE'S SOUND ASLEEP! YOU SEE, THE PAGES OF THAT BOOK WERE DRUGGED!
AN' THERE AIN'T NOBODY ELSE AT HOME! BRAINS, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
HE'LL SLEEP FOR HOURS! WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO CLEAN OUT THE PLACE!
AN' TOMORROW, DIGGER AN' ME WILL GET MORE BOOKS FROM YA, BRAINS— FOR PLEASURE AN' PROFIT! HA, HA, HA!

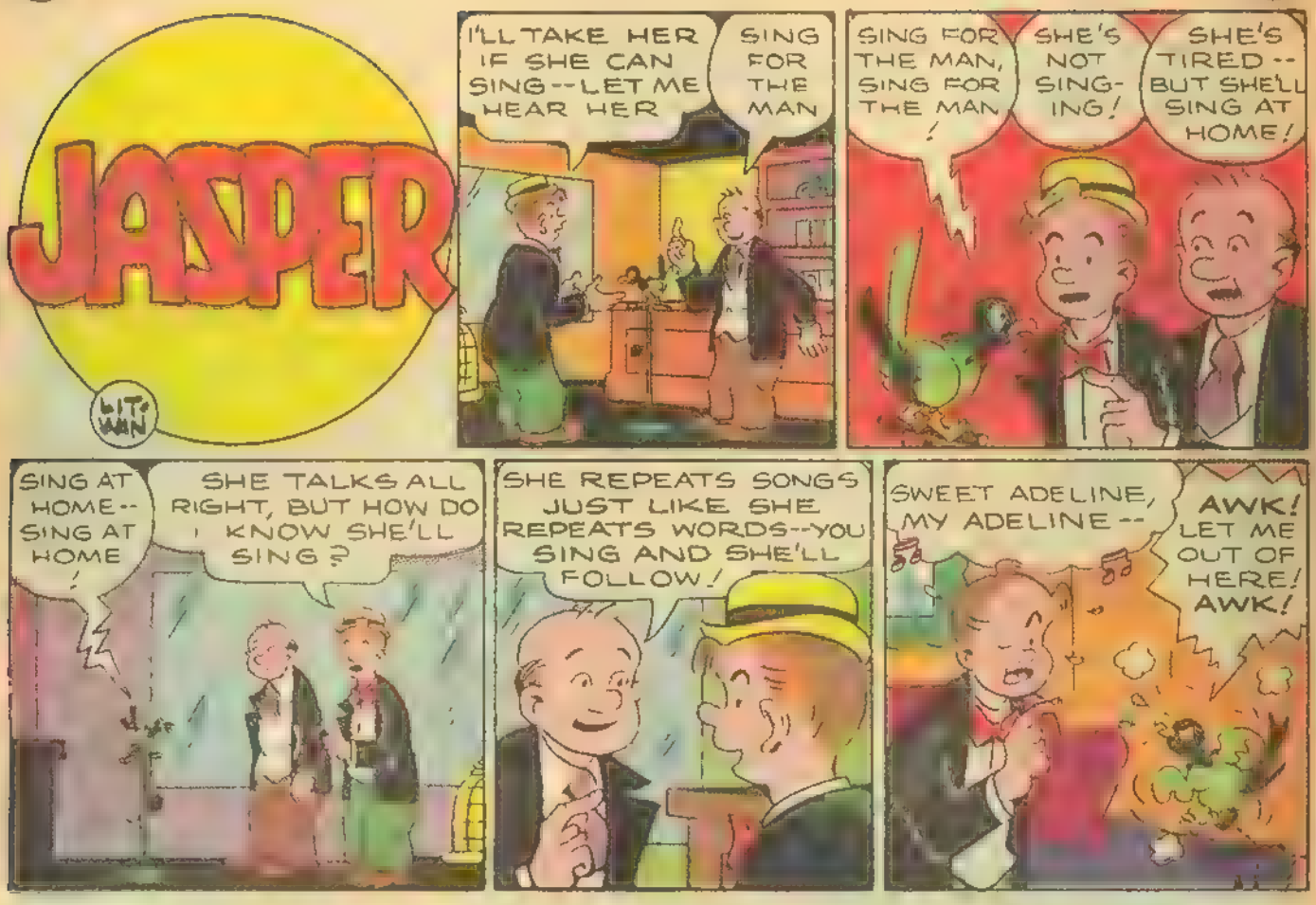
MEANWHILE...
NO ONE ANSWERS THE BELL! THE NAME ON THE MAIL-BOX IS NICHOLAS BRAINSWORTH! STUFF, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT WRONG ABOUT THINGS BEING OFF-COLOR HERE!
WE'LL BUST IN AND LOOK AROUND, AND IF I AM WRONG - SO WHAT? WE WON'T STEAL ANYTHING!
LOOKS LIKE THE HOME OF A RESPECTABLE, CULTURED, LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN
A BOOK-LOVER, TOO - AND HE'S APPARENTLY GOING TO SEND THIS VOLUME TO PROFESSOR HARTFORD, THE FAMOUS SHAKESPEARE AUTHORITY!
GOLLY! MAYBE I MADE A MISTAKE IN THE HOUSE!
HEY - THERE'S A BOOK JUST LIKE THE ONE THAT MADE ALL THE TROUBLE! WONDER IF THERE'S DOUGH IN IT?
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! IT'S PART OF A CAMOUFLAGED PANEL.
AN' TAKE A GANDER AT WHAT'S BEHIND IT!
WHADYA THINK NOW, VIG?
A HIDDEN FORTUNE! STUFF, SOMETHING IS GOING ON HERE.
SUDDENLY...
BURGLARS, EH? AND ONE DISGUISED AS THE VIGILANTE, OF ALL THINGS!
HUH?..
DON'T JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS, BRAINSWORTH!

YOU SEE, I REALLY AM THE VIGILANTE - AND I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHY YOU PASTE HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS TO PAGES OF BOOKS AND HIDE VALUABLES IN A BOOK-CASE.!
THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST IT, IS THERE? HOWEVER, IF YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH, THAT DIARY ON MY DESK WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
IF YOU SUSPECT ME OF ANY CRIME, OPEN IT - AND I GUARANTEE ALL YOUR SUSPICIONS WILL EVAPORATE!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!
WHY, IT'S HOLLOW... AND GAS IS COMIN' OUT.!
GALLOPIN' GOPHERS - CLOSE IT.!
CAN'T BREATHE!... IT'S -- GOT -- ME...
UH-H-H-H...
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! YOU CAN COME IN NOW!
THAT'S RIGHT - TIE THEM AND GAG THEM.! WE'LL NAIL THEM UP IN THIS BOX AND SHIP THEM ANONYMOUSLY ACROSS THE CONTINENT TO SOME OBSCURE BOOKSTORE.!
WHAT A SURPRISE SOMEBODY WILL GET WHEN DEY OPEN IT A COUPLE WEEKS FROM NOW.!
THEY'LL SMOTHER VERY QUICKLY AND PEACEFULLY IN THERE.!
YOU'RE TELLIN' US!
THEY'LL BE SAFE HERE WHILE YOU DELIVER THIS BOOK TO PROFESSOR HARTFORD. THOSE SHAKESPEARE FOLIOS OF HIS WILL NET US A NEAT SUM.!
WE OUGHTTA COLLECT A REWARD FROM DA UNDERWORLD TOO, FOR GETTIN RID O' DA VIG AND DA BRAT!

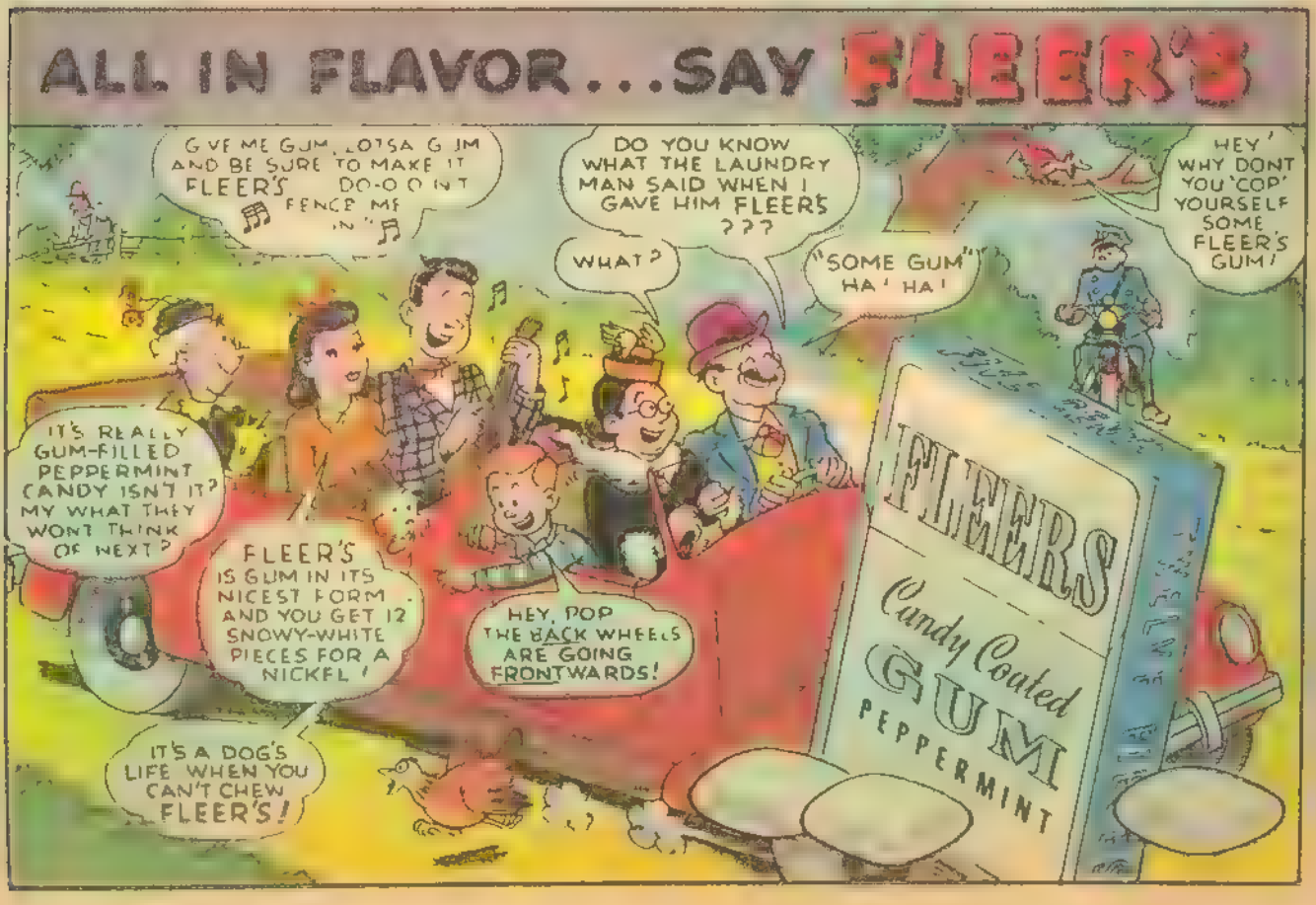
WITHIN THE PACKING CASE...
WHAT-?.. NOW I REMEMBER. THAT COYOTE MUST HAVE TIED AND GAGGED US AND NAILED US UP IN THIS BOX AFTER WE PASSED OUT!.. AND I'M GOING TO PASS OUT AGAIN IF I DON'T GET SOME AIR!
WONDER IF I CAN DIG THROUGH THE WOOD WITH MY SPURS? THESE BOARDS ARE OF SOFT PINE!
AS SLOW MINUTES PASS...
THERE! I'M THROUGH! NOW WE'LL BE ABLE TO BREATHE-AND MAYBE GET LOOSE.
CRICK!
IN THE MEANTIME, AT PROFESSOR HARTFORD'S HOUSE...
SOMET'IN' UNUSUAL ON SHAKESPEARE, FROM A ADMIRER!
THANK YOU, MY GOOD MAN!
SOMETHING UNUSUAL INDEED! FOR AS THE LEARNED MAN OPENS THE PACKAGE...
GOOD HEAVENS! AN INCENDIARY BOMB!
IN AN INSTANT, FLAMES HAVE SPREAD TO FURNITURE AND HANGINGS!
MY PRECIOUS SHAKESPEARE FOLIOS! I COULD NEVER CARRY THEM OUT BY MYSELF! IF ONLY I CAN GET THE FIRE DEPARTMENT HERE IN TIME!
AND THEN-
AMAZING! I CALLED THE FIRE DEPARTMENT ONLY A SECOND AGO!
IF YOU HAVE ANY VALUABLES, YOU'D BETTER LET US REMOVE THEM BEFORE THE FIRE SPREADS!

BE CAREFUL OF THAT CABINET! IT CONTAINS PRICELESS LITERARY TREASURES!
WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT— NEVER FEAR!
LISTEN, BRAINS! DA REAL FIREMEN IS COMIN'!
GRAB THE WHEEL AND GET STARTED!
CLANG! CLANG!
WAIT A MINUTE! THAT ISN'T A FIRE TRUCK!
STOP, THIEVES!
LET HER GO, DIGGER!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
HI, VIGILANTE!
YA GUESSED IT RIGHT, VIG! THEY WENT TO HARTFORD'S PLACE, WHERE THE BOOK WAS ADDRESSED!
THERE THEY GO, BUT THEY WON'T GET FAR!
A SLENDER NOOSE WRITHES THROUGH THE AIR, AND —
YIPE! SOMETHIN'S GOT ME!
GRAB THE WHEEL, MONK!
I'M TRYN' TO!
TAKE YOUR CHOICE, YOU SIDEWINDING DIAMOND-BACKS! SURRENDER PEACEFULLY, OR GET A LOAD OF MY FISTS!
DA VIGILANTE! HOW'D HE GET AWAY?
WHAT DOES THAT MATTER? SHOOT HIM!

DOWN, STUFF!
DIS IS WHAT WE OUGHTTA DONE TA YA IN DA FOIST PLACE, VIG!
BANG!
THIS IS THE LAST ROUNDUP!
CUT IT OUT! WE SURRENDER!
THE FIRE'S UNDER CONTROL!
THE SHAKESPEARE FOLIOS ARE SAFE!
AND BRAINSWORTH WILL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME FOR READIN', AT STATE PRISON!
READIN'! GOOD GRIEF, I FORGOT!
WHERE YOU BOUND FOR, PARDNER?
HOME! I GOT A BUSY NIGHT AHEAD O ME IF I DON'T WANT TO GROW UP IGNORANT!


JASPER
BITS MAN
I'LL TAKE HER IF SHE CAN SING--LET ME HEAR HER
SING FOR THE MAN
SING FOR THE MAN, SING FOR THE MAN!
SHE'S NOT SING-ING!
SHE'S TIRED -- BUT SHE'LL SING AT HOME!
SING AT HOME-- SING AT HOME!
SHE TALKS ALL RIGHT, BUT HOW DO I KNOW SHE'LL SING?
SHE REPEATS SONGS JUST LIKE SHE REPEATS WORDS--YOU SING AND SHE'LL FOLLOW!
SWEET ADELINE, MY ADELINE --
AWK! LET ME OUT OF HERE! AWK!

ADVERTISEMENT


ALL IN FLAVOR...SAY FLEER'S
GIVE ME GUM, LOTSA GUM AND BE SURE TO MAKE IT FLEER'S DO-O-O-N'T FENCE ME IN
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE LAUNDRY MAN SAID WHEN I GAVE HIM FLEERS ???
WHAT?
"SOME GUM" HA! HA!
HEY! WHY DONT YOU 'COP' YOURSELF SOME FLEER'S GUM!
IT'S REALLY GUM-FILLED PEPPERMINT CANDY ISN'T IT? MY WHAT THEY WONT THINK OF NEXT?
FLEER'S IS GUM IN ITS NICEST FORM AND YOU GET 12 SNOWY-WHITE PIECES FOR A NICKEL!
HEY, POP THE BACK WHEELS ARE GOING FRONTWARDS!
IT'S A DOG'S LIFE WHEN YOU CAN'T CHEW FLEER'S!
FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT

NEW FANGLED HOOSEGOW

by V. V. Dredaine

THE first day Buzz Linkey appeared in Chute Forks as a new deputy sheriff, it was generally estimated he wouldn't last until sundown. He was passing by McCracken's No Credit Grocery Supply when a volley of three shots whizzed past his head and buried itself in a sack of potatoes.

McCracken took the long pole he used to grasp boxes on his upper shelves, stuck it out the doorway and pulled Buzz in by the seat of his pants. Then he looked Buzz over from head to foot and saw his polished deputy's star and sighed.

"So Sheriff Blake has persuaded another newcomer to take the job of deputy," he said.

"Sure enough," said Buzzy. "Any reason why he shouldn't?"

"Mister," answered McCracken, "there's eighteen crowded places here—seventeen of them are saloons and the other's the cemetery up on the hill, and most of them in the cemetery were deputies about half a day."

"Hmm," Buzz said thoughtfully. "You mean they shot at me just because I'm a deputy? Just for that?"

"That's more reason than they generally need."

Buzzy went out then and he'd gone about ten feet before someone fired two more shots at him. The first shot caromed off a hitching post and the second missed because Buzz took a flat dive to the sidewalk. There was a lot more laughter as he got up, and he'd no sooner stood erect than down he went again—but this time he ducked before the shot, as if he was beginning to learn by some slight signs when it was time to duck

When Buzz was tired of dancing and being shot at, he danced and ducked back along the street to Sheriff Blake's office. The sheriff hadn't bothered to get up and see what the shooting outside was all about, but it was plain he was astonished to see Buzz.

"Well, now," he said, his eyebrows way up, "where you been hiding since you left here?"

"Hiding?" Buzz asked. "What makes you think I've been hiding?"

"You're alive, ain't you?" said the sheriff. He looked at the dust and mud all over Buzz's tight pants and fancy vest, and the holes in his hat, and he nodded understandingly. "I guess they was playing with you. You must've been born lucky. I s'pose you've come back to quit, huh?" he asked. He opened a desk drawer that was filled with deputy's stars like Buzz's, except for the holes drilled through them. "Can't remember when one of these badges came back in nice condition," he said. "What you shaking your head for?"

"But I'm not quitting," Buzz said perplexedly.

"What?" The sheriff stared at Buzz. "You're not?"

"Heck, no. Never occurred to me. My mind's set on arrestin' all the bad men in this town, and I got an idea how to do it."

"You're a fool," said the sheriff, "but let's hear."

"Well, I'll need a list of all those wanted by the law, and a pair of pistols, and a reliable blacksmith and money to pay him. It'll be dirt cheap if it works."

Half an hour later, Buzz Linkey had a talk with the blacksmith and then returned to the center of Chute Forks. He went into the Bloody Gold Saloon, which was the biggest and fanciest of all, and he was made wildly welcome as the fun began again. . . .

The miracle of the next three days was Buzz living through them. He was shot at, roared at and laughed at. They tried to run him down, they soaked him in horse troughs, and between times they made him sing and dance, and the more miserable he appeared the more they likd it, and that was why they let him survive.

But meanwhile, when Buzz wasn't at the Bloody Gold, he was visiting the blacksmith or resting behind the sheriff's office, and on the third night he asked Sheriff Blake for the list and the guns he'd been promised. The sheriff asked no questions. He gave Buzz the list and two ancient pistols and silently shook his head as he watched Buzz head down the street. It was just eight o'clock.

Something seemed to have happened to Buzz. He actually swaggered, with the pistols stuck in his belt and his well-ventilated hat over one eye, as he strode boldly into the Bloody Gold. They stared at him as he used a gun butt to nail his list up beside the swinging doors, then he wrote something across the top and turned to survey the astonished mob and strode out.

There was a rush for the list, and then howls of laughter rose to shatter the warm night air. Neatly lettered in two columns were the names of forty-six men, and over them the legend: "*Notice! Tonight At Midnight All Whose Names Appear Here Will Be Arrested At The Bloody Gold Saloon By Me Personally, Signed, Buzz Linkey, Deputy Sheriff.*"

By eight-thirty the whole town had seen the notice and Chute Forks was a roistering madhouse. Those whose names were on the list and who had been at other saloons gathered at the Bloody Gold, and those who had been out of town were speedily sent for by their friends. By ten o'clock all forty-six men were there and guns were being tested on the walls, floors and ceiling in a constant hammering of gunfire. Drinks

flowed ceaselessly. The crowds kept growing and pandemonium mounted expectantly.

At eleven o'clock, when the town blacksmith drove up to the Bloody Gold in a horse-drawn covered van, no one noticed either him or what he was so busily engaged in doing. He moved about outside the saloon, in the alley and in the back and upstairs, the sound of his giant hammer unheard in the uproar. Then he crossed the street to McCracken's No Credit Grocery Supply, made a delivery, then drove to the sheriff's office and told Buzz Linkey his job was done.

By then the sheriff had given up talking to Buzz. He shook hands with him and went out to perform what he considered his duty under the circumstances — clearing the Bloody Gold Saloon of all patrons except those whose names were on the list. It was an easy task, considering the hail of bullets that was shortly expected on the premises, and he was through at ten minutes before twelve.

Then Buzz Linkey appeared. Instead of his two ridiculous pistols he now carried a shotgun and a rifle he had taken from Sheriff Blake's office, and his round shoulders were burdened with long belts of cartridges draped over him.

A roar greeted him, then a hush came over Chute Forks, Buzz walked down the street, mounted the sidewalk across from the Bloody Gold and disappeared into McCracken's. Two minutes later he came out on the porch above the grocery. He brought out two heavy iron doors and stood them up at right angles to each other, with a tiny space between them. Then he brought out a chair and sat down with the cartridge belts at his feet. The rifle stood against the rail and the shotgun was laid across his lap.

Then he just sat. Midnight came. Still he sat.

Voices were heard again and they grew louder. There were shouts and howls from inside the Bloody Gold, and someone yelled up at Buzz, and in a minute they were all howling and jeering at Buzz as he just sat there, but then someone crossed the street and started to go into the Bloody Gold and Buzz got up.

"Stay out!" he shouted. "I'm not fooling about that notice I posted in there! Every man in that saloon is under arrest!"

There was another roar of derision, but it stopped abruptly as Buzz raised his shotgun. He moved his chair behind the flanking protection of the two iron doors he had set up, and poked the shotgun barrel through the tiny space between them. Steadying the barrel on the porch rail, he aimed it directly across the street at the entrance doors to the Bloody Gold Saloon.

A deadly silence descended on the street as it cleared, and the only sounds audible in Chute Forks came from within the saloon. They kept mounting and grew savage as the minutes passed. Then suddenly the swinging doors opened and a huge frock-coated man stood there with a long-barreled revolver in each hand, looking down the street to the crowds huddled in doorways and behind boxes.

"Well," he shouted, "where is that blankety-blank deputy?"

"Get back inside!" Buzz called down cooly. "You and your friends have been under arrest since midnight! Now get, and quick!"

The huge man looked across the street to the porch and he threw his head back and started to laugh, but it was a short laugh because Buzz's shotgun cracked out and the door beside the man was shattered with shot. He jumped back in with both guns blazing, and the bullets echoed harshly and metallically as they bounced off the iron doors in front of Buzz.

Then Buzz fired again, and the all-night duel started. Only, at that point, no one thought it was going to be an all-night affair. Buzz had the door covered and he dropped three men there, and he dropped others at the windows down stairs and upstairs, the bullets whanged off his iron shields, but that didn't explain Buzz's invulnerability. It was only when the early morning light started coming that the rest of Chute Forks began to understand.

It was nearly five a.m. when Sheriff Blake sneaked up on the porch behind Buzz to talk to him. Not that he said much, because he was a badly bewildered man by then.

"Gosh, I was wondering when you'd come to spell me," Buzz said and yawned. "I've got things to do. Here," and he thrust the shotgun at the sheriff and was gone. He was back shortly with a slender package, and he began unwrapping it as bullets started clanging off the iron doors again. The sheriff was sitting crouched over and his teeth were chattering. "Well, shoot back at them, Sheriff," Buzz said politely. "Don't let them get out."

"But-b-b-but why, why d-don't—"

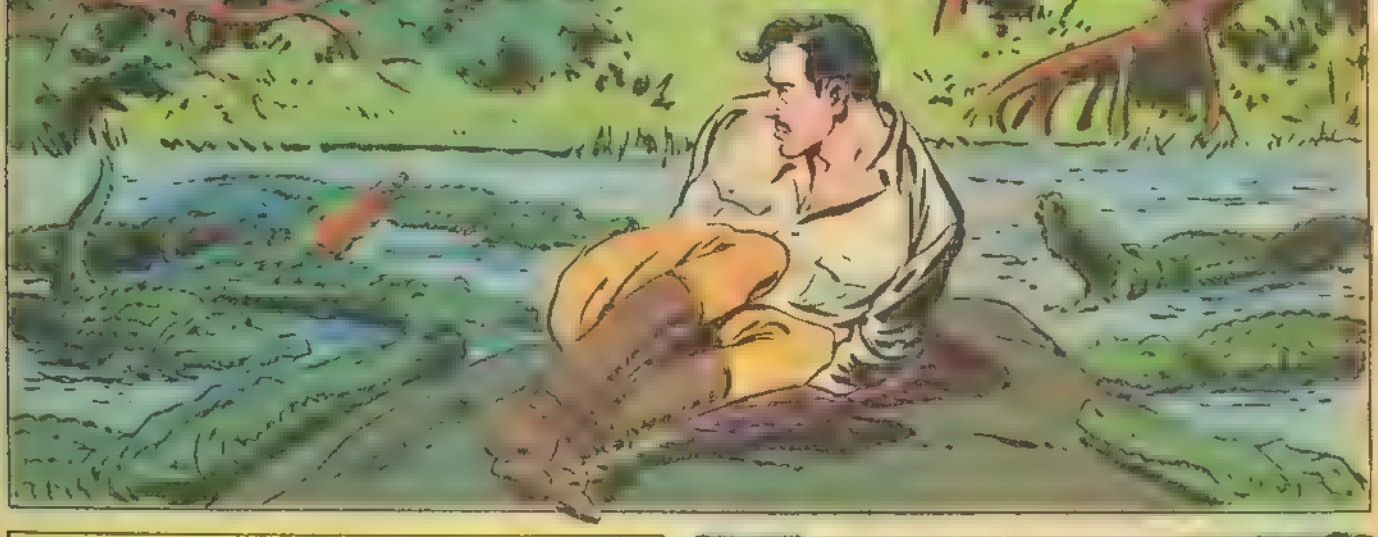
"Oh," Buzz grinned. "That door's the only way they can get out. You said yourself we didn't have a jailhouse and that saloon's the strongest building in town." He kept on unwrapping his package as he spoke. "I got the measurements of all the doors and windows and it took the blacksmith three days to make iron frames and bars to fit over them, and last night he installed them, and lent me these iron doors. I couldn't put forty-six bad men in jail, so I made a jail out of where they were!"

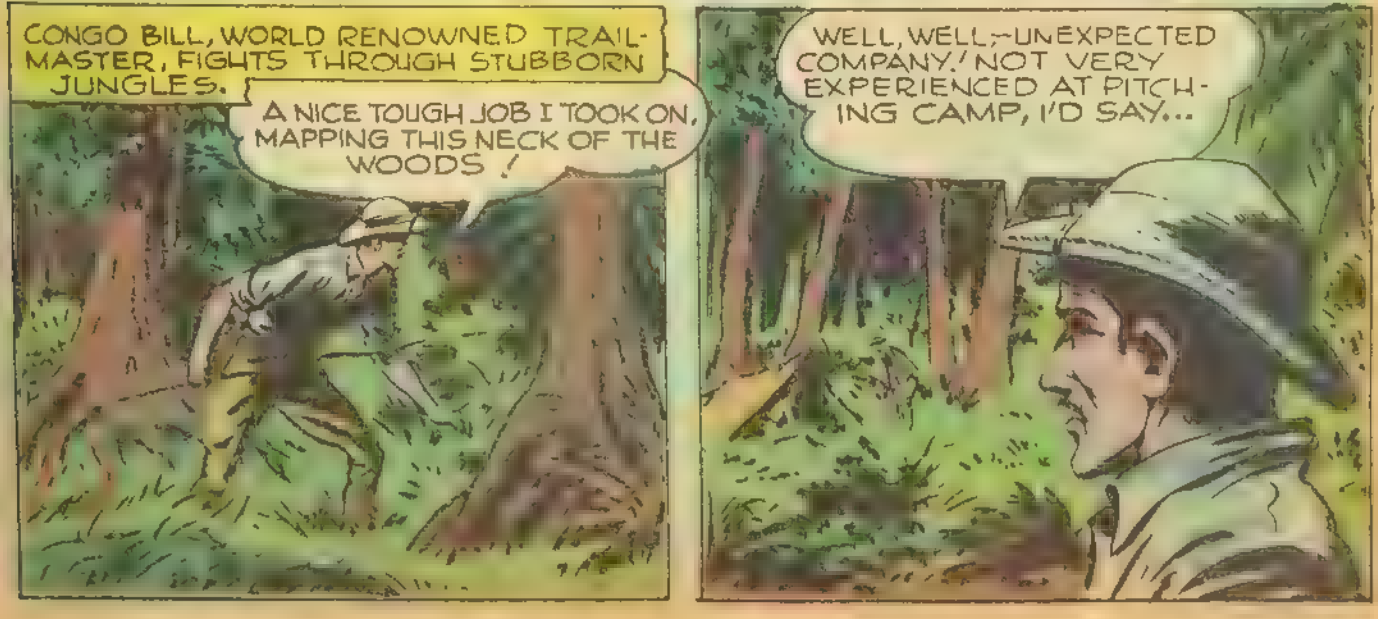
"But-but-t-t-t—"

"Oh, we'll take turns here," Buzz went on. "I figure in a few days they'll be so weak from hunger it won't be any trouble at all to carry them out, and by then you can have a nice new jailhouse built. Don't worry, Sheriff. Everything's under control in Chute Forks from now on."

CONGO BILL

IN THE DANK, DANGER-TEEMING AMAZON HEADWATERS, CONGO BILL'S UNERRING ABILITY TO SENSE DECEPTION, UNCOVERS A CRAFTY AND RUTHLESS SCHEME, AND THE DARING EXPLORER TEACHES A LASTING LESSON TO A PAIR OF... "Upstream River Rats!"




CONGO BILL, WORLD RENOWNED TRAIL-MASTER, FIGHTS THROUGH STUBBORN JUNGLES.
A NICE TOUGH JOB I TOOK ON, MAPPING THIS NECK OF THE WOODS!
WELL, WELL,—UNEXPECTED COMPANY! NOT VERY EXPERIENCED AT PITCHING CAMP, I'D SAY...

CONGO BILL INTRODUCES HIMSELF...
OFTEN HEARD OF YOU, CONGO BILL— HOLLIS IS MY NAME, AND THIS IS MR. LEFFRIDGE!
GLAD TO KNOW YOU. I DON'T MEAN TO BE CURIOUS, BUT WHAT BRINGS YOU YOUNG CHAPS AWAY UP HERE?
WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH, CONGO BILL, WE JUST CAME FOR AN ADVENTURE—YOU KNOW—ATMOSPHERE FOR A BOOK, MAYBE .... AND THEN WE MADE A TREMENDOUS DISCOVERY!
IS THAT SO?
WELL, WE DIDN'T MAKE THE DISCOVERY— TWO GENEROUS-HEARTED CHAPS MADE IT AND TOLD US! LOOK! SILVER! WE PANNED IT FROM THE STREAM!
HMMM... THAT'S QUEER ...WHOEVER HEARD OF PANNING SILVER?
WHO WERE THESE MEN?
TRAPPERS FROM DOWNSTREAM. SAID THEY HAD ALL THE SILVER THEY COULD USE. NICE OF THEM, EH?
WELL, SO LONG. I'LL BE GETTING ON DOWN-STREAM. GOT A JOB TO DO.
IF YOU SEE THE TRAPPERS, TELL 'EM HELLO!
JOB TO DO IS RIGHT. SOMETHING'S MIGHTY FISHY. YOU DON'T PAN SILVER, THERE AREN'T ANY "TRAPPERS" IN THESE PARTS, AND MEN DON'T GIVE SILVER AWAY!
12

SCARCELY ONE HOUR LATER...
HERE'S THE CAMP SITE— NOW IF I CAN PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THOSE "KIND-HEARTED TRAPPERS", MAYBE I CAN LEARN WHAT THIS HOCUS POCUS IS ABOUT.
SUDDENLY— WITH A VICIOUS SPAT!...!
WONDER IF ANY OF THAT "PANNED SILVER" IS HERE— HUH! A GUN-SHOT!
A LITTLE BEHIND ON YOUR TARGET PRACTICE, AREN'T YOU, FRIEND?
OW! MY HAND!
D-DON'T HURT ME, C-CONGO BILL. I L-LOST MY HEAD. I'LL CONFESS AND LEAD YOU TO MY PARTNER!
OKAY. START TALKING— AND IT BETTER BE GOOD!
YOU SEE, ME AN' MY PARTNER...
!!?
SNAP!
THANKS FOR STEPPING ON THAT TWIG!
OWW!
13

HOW'D YUH LIKE MY 'SCARED-STIFF' ACT, CONGO BILL! —TAKE DIS.!
AHHH!
GOOD WORK, DUTCH!
SOMETIME LATER...
DOWN TO THE ALLIGATOR POOL FOR HIM, EH, BLACKIE?
R.GHT.!
DEM 'GATORS WILL G.T BOLDER 'N' BOLDER— DEN CONGO BILL DIS-APPEARS, AN' NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW WHERE! HO! HO!
THOSE BRUTES WILL BE ON ME IN AN-OTHER SECOND.!
THAT ROUND ROCK! —IF I CAN JUST GET BEHIND IT...
ARRGH!
THAT DID IT.! NOW, WHILE THEY ATTACK THE WOUNDED ONE, I'LL GRAB THAT STICK...
4

IF ONLY MY FINGERS AREN'T TOO NUMB TO TIE THE STICK TO THIS DANGLING WRIST ROPE!
THAT STICK BETTER LODGE TIGHT IN THE LIMB CROTCH—OR I'M A GONER!
WHEW! JUST IN TIME!
NOW TO DISLODGE THE STICK AND FIND A SHARP ROCK TO SAW THESE ROPES. GOOD THING THAT MOUND WAS HIGH ENOUGH TO LET ME SWING CLEAR OF THE WATER.
MEANWHILE—AT THE SCENE OF THE ORIGINAL ENCOUNTER...
NOW THAT WE'RE RID O' THEM GREENHORNS AN' CONGO BILL, WE C'N GIT BACK T' WORK—BOY, LOOK AT THIS GOLD NUGGET!
SUDDENLY—FROM THE LUSH FOLIAGE OVERHEAD...
OH, YOU TWO ARE CLEVER, ALL RIGHT —VERY CLEVER!
IT'S CONGO BILL OR HIS GHOST!
5

SINCE I'M UNARMED, YOU BOYS WON'T MIND MY LETTING THE RELEASED WEIGHT ON THE LIMB HELP ME A BIT, WILL YOU?
OWK! GLUBB!
OOOF!
SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR AIM FOR SUCH A FANCY UP-SIDE-DOWN SHOT, PAL!
AND NOW YOU'LL TELL THOSE TWO AMATEUR EXPLORERS HOW YOU TRICKED THEM AWAY FROM THAT GOLD DEPOSIT WITH SILVER THAT YOU NO DOUBT MADE FROM MELTED COINS!
IT WORKED UNTIL YOU BUTTED IN, BLAST YOU!
6
PRESENTLY...
GEE, THEY SURE FOOLED US, CONGO BILL, AND WE WERE ALL SET TO TELL THE GOVERNMENT ABOUT A SILVER FIND!
WHY WEEP? I'M LETTING YOU CHAPS TURN THESE HOMBRES IN. AND YOU CAN REPORT A GOLD FIND—AND YOU'VE GOT SOME ADDED "ATMOSPHERE" FOR YOUR BOOK.
HO, HUM... NOW TO GET BACK TO WHERE I LEFT OFF ON THIS MAPPING JOB.

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Saturn No. 5)

ITS'Y KTWLJY YMFY YMJ FSHJXYTWX TK FQQ TK ZX BJWJ TSHJ NRRNLWFS-YX.

SUPERMAN, April
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME . . . . . AGE . . . . .

STREET ADDRESS . . . . . .

CITY. . . . . ZONE . . . STATE . . . . . .

Byron NELSON

CHAMPION ATHLETE OF 1945

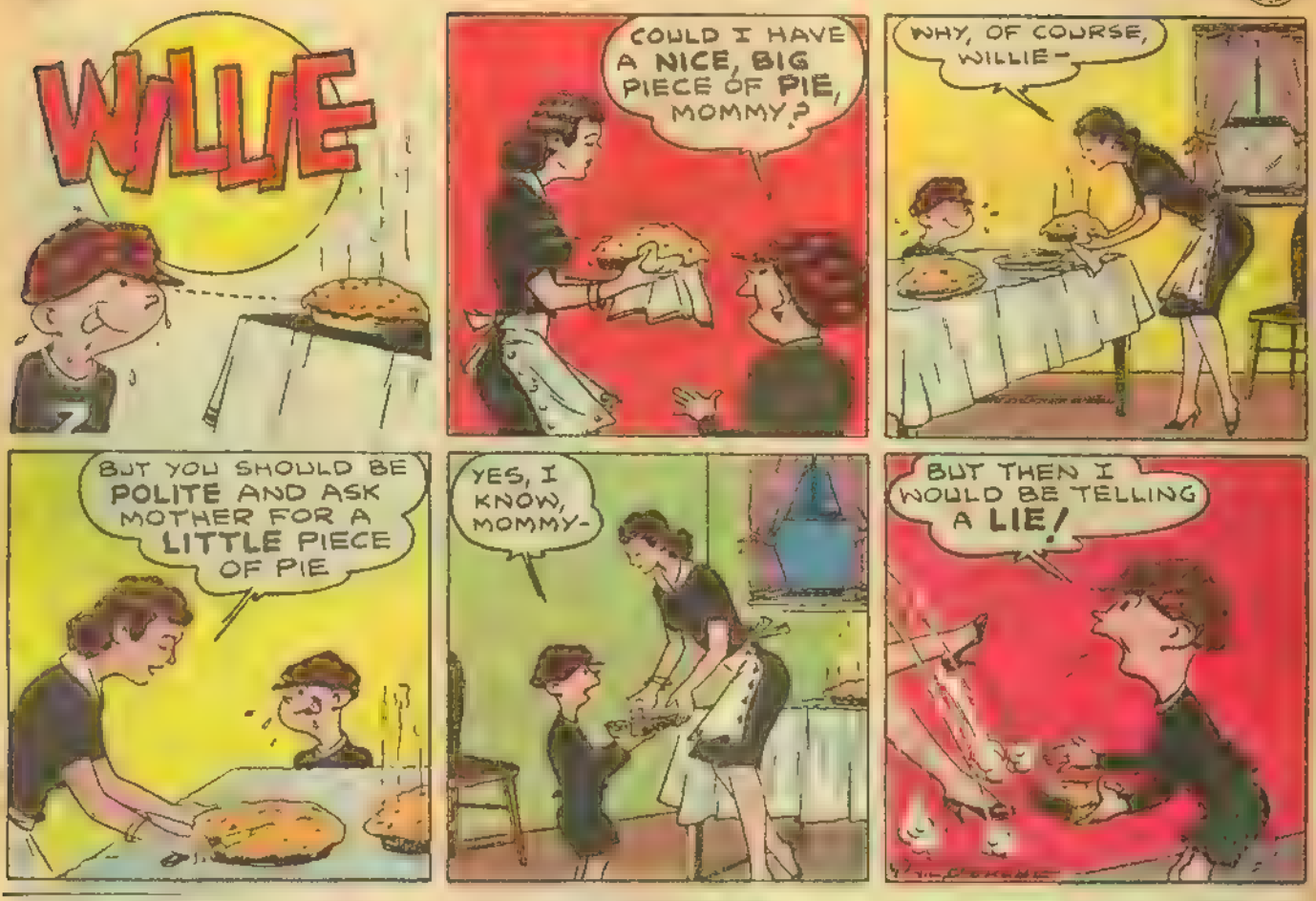
RECORDS SHATTERED AS NELSON BLASTED THRU THE 1945 SPORT SEASON. IN OCTOBER, HE SET A NEW WORLD'S MARK FOR 72 HOLES OF TOURNAMENT GOLF. HIS AMAZING 259 WAS **21 STROKES UNDER PAR**

PRACTICALLY INVINCIBLE DURING 1945, NELSON WON **18 MAJOR TOURNAMENT CHAMPIONSHIPS**--MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE IN GOLF HISTORY

"WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION?" --THAT'S THE TITLE OF TWO BOOKS IN WHEATIES NEW LIBRARY OF SPORTS. WRITTEN BY CHAMPION GENE SARAZEN (FOR BOYS) AND CHAMPION PATTY BERG (FOR GIRLS), THESE BOOKS HAND YOU THE RIGHT START TOWARD BEING A **REAL CHAMPION**. WHEATIES PACKAGE GIVES COMPLETE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET 14 ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS

"WHEATIES SURE KNOCK THE SPOTS OFF ANYTHING I'VE EVER TASTED IN THE LINE OF BREAKFAST FOODS," SAYS CHAMPION BYRON NELSON. "A BIG BOWL OF WHEATIES WITH LOTS OF MILK AND FRUIT IS **A GREAT BREAKFAST DISH** --ONE YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS"

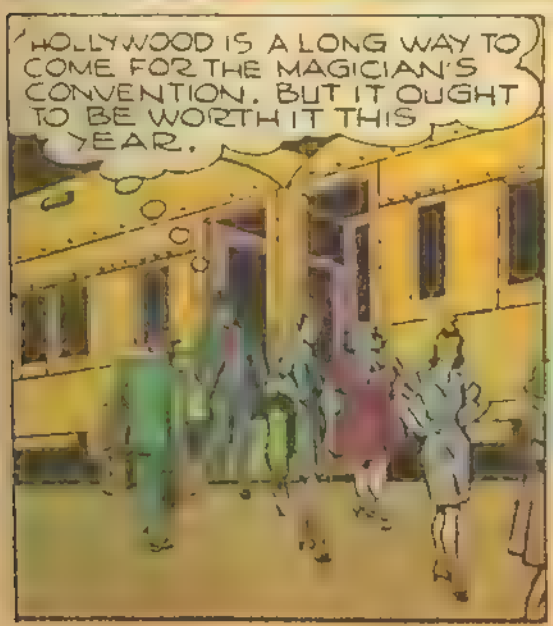
General Mills, Inc.


WILLIE
COULD I HAVE A NICE, BIG PIECE OF PIE, MOMMY?
WHY, OF COURSE, WILLIE-
BUT YOU SHOULD BE POLITE AND ASK MOTHER FOR A LITTLE PIECE OF PIE
YES, I KNOW, MOMMY-
BUT THEN I WOULD BE TELLING A LIE!

Advertisement

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES
NO ONE KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE MARIE CELESTE, A SAILING SHIP THAT WAS FOUND ADRIFT IN PERFECT CONDITION ...WITH EVEN THE TABLES SET FOR DINNER...YET WITHOUT A SOUL ON BOARD!
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN PIRATES...THERE'S NO SIGN OF A FIGHT!
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS ARE THE PLEASANTEST, SWELLEST-TASTING WAY TO RELIEVE COUGHS DUE TO COLDS!
THEY TASTE JUST LIKE CANDY.
THAT'S WHY I TAKE 'EM EVEN WHEN I HAVEN'T GOT A COUGH!
SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢
TRADE
MARK

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
YOU ALL KNOW GRIMM'S OLD, OLD TALE OF THE THREE WICKED SISTERS AND THE POOR BUT PRETTY CINDERELLA. BUT YOU'VE NEVER MET THESE SISTERS BEFORE, AND YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN UP YOUR EYES WIDE WHEN YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS UNDER A REALLY MODERN... "Spotlight FOR Cinderella!"


HOLLYWOOD IS A LONG WAY TO COME FOR THE MAGICIAN'S CONVENTION. BUT IT OUGHT TO BE WORTH IT THIS YEAR.

ALL I CAN SAY, JULIE IS THAT I HOPE YOU HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO GET HOME.
YOU'RE JUST WASTING YOUR TIME TRYING TO GET INTO THE MOVIES, STEP-SISTER.

MAYBE I HAVEN'T MUCH OF A CHANCE, BUT I'M GOING TO TRY AWFULLY HARD. AND I HAVE HAD A LITTLE TRAINING.
A YEAR IN DRAMATIC SCHOOL—! WHAT GOOD IS THAT?
YES, AGAINST OUR MONEY, AND OUR CLOTHES...
AND OUR BEAUTY! HMPH!
TEE HEE! IMAGINE OUR STEP-SISTER IN THE MOVIES!
GOOD THING FATHER LEFT MOST OF HIS MONEY TO US. SHE'D BE WASTING IT ALL ON A SILLY DREAM
I'LL MAKE GOOD. I'LL SHOW THEM... I'LL WORK EVER SO HARD.
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, YOUNG LADY. AND I HOPE YOU DO MAKE GOOD!
NEXT DAY, ZATARA LOOKS UP AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE..
WELL, WELL! MY YOUNG FRIEND, JACK STONE, IS A PRODUCER NOW. I MUST SAY HELLO.
JACK STONE PRODUCER
SORRY, MISS HUNTER. I CERTAINLY COULD USE YOU, BUT RIGHT NOW I HAVE NO PART.
HMM... THIS YOUNG LADY WASTES NO TIME IN GETTING AROUND.
SO YOU'RE A BIG PRODUCER NOW! CONGRATULATIONS, JACK.
ZATARA! THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

BUT AS FAR AS BEING A BIG PRODUCER, I'M A FLOP. ONE BOX OFFICE FAILURE AND I HAVEN'T MUCH CAPITAL LEFT.
AT LEAST YOU STILL HAVE TALENT WANTING TO WORK FOR YOU.
OH, YOU MEAN JULIE HUNTER SHE'S GREAT- REFRESHING TYPE
I NOTICED HER AT THE STATION YESTERDAY WITH HER STEP-SISTERS.
THEY ALL CAME OUT HERE TO TRY THEIR LUCK IN THE MOVIES. THE THREE SISTERS WITH A LOT OF MONEY-AND JULIE WITH NONE. REMINDS ME OF THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.
CINDERELLA EH? HMM .. CINDERELLA
THE SITUATION IS JUST LIKE THE OLD FAIRY TALE - INCLUDING THE MEANNESS OF THE SISTERS...
THAT'S IT.' CINDERELLA IN TECHNICOLOR! JUST THE STORY THAT'LL MAKE A SMASH HIT. IT'LL BE COLOSSAL.' I'LL START CASTING RIGHT AWAY.'
GREAT IDEA! AND JULIE HUNTER WOULD BE PERFECT FOR THE PART.'
IN FACT, WHY NOT USE THE THREE SISTERS TO PLAY OPPOSITE JULIE? IT WILL MAKE SWELL PUBLICITY AFTER THE PICTURE IS MADE!
GREAT! BUT... BUT MAYBE THEY WOULDN'T. YOU KNOW-JEALOUSY.
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, JACK. I KNOW A FEW TRICKS, AND IN THIS CASE I THINK WE'D BE JUSTIFIED IN USING THEM.
3

ON THE FIRST DAY OF FILMING...
THIS IS JUST TOO THRILLING.
JUST THINK... WE'VE GOT A CONTRACT...
AND JULIE HASN'T!
THEY SOUND LIKE A PRETTY SPITEFUL TRIO TO ME. PERFECT FOR THE PARTS.
BUT WE CAN'T HAVE THEM RECOGNIZING JULIE. SRETSIS, OD TON EZINGOCER EILUJ. *
* READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS
GET BUSY, CINDERELLA. CLEAN THAT HEARTH!
BUT, SISTER, I'VE ALREADY CLEANED IT ONCE TODAY.
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING ALL RIGHT SO FAR. JULIE KNOWS WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT HER SISTERS DON'T.
HEAR YE! THE KING ANNOUNCES A BIRTHDAY BALL FOR THE PRINCE ON HIS...
WONDERFUL! THIS IS BOUND TO BE A SURE HIT—
SUDDENLY...
FIRE! FIRE! IN THE PROP ROOM!
W-WHAT?
4

THEY'RE AFIRE-ALL THE PROPS FOR THE PICTURE! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FINISH THE PICTURE!
PROPERTY ROOM
THE DAMAGE IS DONE, BUT AT LEAST I CAN PUT OUT THE FIRE. SEMALF DEHS SRAET! NWORD SEVLESRUOY!
UNDER ZATARA'S MAGIC SPELL, THE FLAMES SHED TEARS AND QUENCH THEMSELVES.
THAT'S DOING IT, ZATARA! BUT IT'S TOO LATE. I'M RUINED.
I'VE NO MONEY TO BUY NEW PROPS. I'M SUNK.
HMPH! I THOUGHT IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.
HIS OLD FIRE HAS SPOILED OUR CAREERS.
PLEASE, MR. STONE, I HAVE A LITTLE MONEY- ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. WOULD THAT HELP?
THANKS, JULIE, BUT THAT WOULD HARDLY BUY THE DOOR ON YOUR COACH.
KEEP ON SHOOTING, JACK. I THINK THERE'S A WAY OF MEETING THIS EMERGENCY.
ZATARA, YOU MEAN...
A MAGICIAN! WHAT DOES HE KNOW ABOUT MOVIES?
HMM... BUMBLEBEE MANOR- USED FOR ANIMATED CARTOONS - THINK I'LL LEND-LEASE IT FOR THIS PRODUCTION.
BUMBLEBEE MANOR

EIGHT BEES AND A HIVE ON WHEELS. JUST THE RIGHT NUMBER.
XIS SEEB EB XIS KCALB SESROH!
BUMBLE BEE MANOR
OWT SEEB DNA EVIH EB NEMTOOF DNA EGAIRRAC! SGAR EB HCIR NWOG!
LOOK, HIS MAGIC IS WORKING!
YOUR CARRIAGE, CINDERELLA. IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU WERE STARTING FOR THE BALL.
I-I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT. IT'S JUST TOO WONDERFUL.
COME ON, EVERYBODY. THANKS TO ZATARA, WE CAN START SHOOTING AGAIN.
YOU KNOW, AGATHA, THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT LEADING LADY.
AND DID YOU HEAR WHAT THAT MAGICIAN ZATARA CALLED HER- JULIE!
NONSENSE. WE DON'T KNOW HER, AND WE CAN BE SURE IT ISN'T OUR SIMPLE, HOMELY LITTLE STEP-SISTER.
JUST THINK- WE'RE PLAYING A LEADING ROLE. WE'LL BE STARS.
AND OUR BEAUTY WILL BE KNOWN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY- WHILE JULIE GOES HOME A FAILURE.
6

SOME TIME LATER, WHEN THE PICTURE IS FINISHED!
IT'S ALL OVER, JULIE. YOU WERE GREAT.
BUT WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE MY THREE STEP-SISTERS ARE GOING TO SAY WHEN THEY FIND OUT?
I THINK YOUR THREE STEP-SISTERS DESERVE TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON, JULIE. BUT WE'LL SAVE THAT FOR THE NIGHT OF THE PICTURE'S PREMIERE.
AND NOW, THE PREMIERE OF CINDERELLA IN TECHNICOLOR, STARRING JULIE HUNTER...
SRETSIS, EZINGOCER EILUJ!
OUR STEP-SISTER! WHAT IS SHE DOING HERE?
LOOK AT THOSE UGLY SISTERS!
AREN'T THEY A SCREAM?
DO YOU HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT US? UGLY! CLOWNS!
PERFECT CLOWNS!
AND LOOK, MATILDA— ON THE SCREEN. IT'S JULIE— OUR STEP-SISTER!
HELLO, MATILDA, AGATHA...
HMPH! I'M GOING STRAIGHT HOME. THIS TOWN'S NO PLACE FOR REAL ACTING TALENT!
UGLY! CLOWNS! INDEED!
THANKS TO YOU, ZATARA, I'VE GOT A HIT AND FOUND A NEW STAR.
GOOD LUCK TO BOTH OF YOU. AND NOW I'VE GOT TO BE OFF. THERE'S A MAGICIAN'S CONVENTION IN TOWN, AND UP TILL NOW I HAVEN'T REALLY HAD A CHANCE TO TRY OUT MY POWERS!
THE END

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

YOURS TO TEST ON OUR MONEY BACK OFFER

IMPORTANT!
This is not a cheap, undependable storm glass (or plastic house). The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of imitations.

Made of Genuine Walnut
Hand-painted Figures
7½" high — 6" wide
4" deep

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN... KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay $5 or $10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster. It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing advertising offer we have ever made.

YOU'LL MARVEL AT ITS ACCURACY

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question. Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only $1.69 C.O.D.

FREE Good Luck Leaf

No Purchase Required for Leaf Only

MAGIC LEAF
Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.

AS YOU RECEIVE IT

AS IT GROWS FOR YOU

EACH TINY PLANT PRODUCES THIS

Yours free—it will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and it rates very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous."
Mrs. I. S. Amsterdam, Ohio

"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful."
Mrs. I. F., Booth, Maine

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."
Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful."
Mrs. D. L. B., Shenandoah, Iowa

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. N B
29 East Madison Street
Chicago 2, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

☐ Rush (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman $1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. I can return the Weather House for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I Enclose $1.69. Postage Prepaid. ☐ 2 for $2.98
☐ 6 for $8.00 ☐ 12 for $15.00. ☐ Send Free Leaf only.

Name .....
(Please print plainly)
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!

SECRET POCKET

CLOSED

Only $2.98

Men, Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold You've Ever Seen at this Low Price.

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-All-Around" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Saddle Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only $2.98 plus tax. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.

Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9129-A
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

☐ Please rush me Smart Saddle Leather Zipper Pass Case Billfold with Built-in Change Purse. On arrival I will pay postman only $2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME.....
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance $2.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total $3.58).

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

BOYS! MEN!

PLASTIC COMPASS $1.98

FOR BOY SCOUTS

FOR CAMPING

FOR HUNTING

New UNBREAKABLE, Wrist Watch Type Liquid Compass With Luminous Dial

Here's the compass all America has been waiting for. It's similar in construction to the liquid type Airplane and pocket compass used by the U. S. Air Corps. What a compass this is! It's shock-proof! Water-proof! Precision perfect! Made to give superior performance under any and all climatic conditions. Will not freeze at even 40° below zero. Works perfectly under a blazing sun. The ideal compass for everyone—Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, hikers, campers, motorists, and all sports lovers. This newest, wrist watch style, luminous, Plastic Compass, sealed air-tight in liquid, is ready to accurately direct your movements all hours of the day or night. Unfailing and unbreakable. Think of it! You can own this remarkable compass for the sensationally low price of only $1.98, complete with smartly styled wristband.

EXAMINE FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK

Take this Plastic Compass with you when you go on hikes, on camping or fishing trips, on hunting or boating excursions, bicycling, or horseback riding. You'll find there's nothing as important and useful to you as a good compass when you need it. At this low price, every man and boy should have this remarkable Compass. SEND NO MONEY! Just rush your order on the coupon below. Upon arrival, pay postman only $1.98 C. O. D. plus few cents postage charge on our no-risk-money-back-guarantee. If not thrilled and delighted with the way it looks and performs, return the compass within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.

Here Are the Features Which Make This "America's Greatest Compass Buy"

- Latest Type Plastic Case
- Luminous "See in the Dark" Dial
- Shatterproof, Shock-proof, Waterproof Construction
- Shows Degrees in all Directions
- Airplane-Type "Sealed in Liquid" Unbreakable Compass
- Withstands heat—will not freeze
- Newest Wrist Watch-Style Design

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 248-A
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Wrist Watch-Type PLASTIC COMPASS as described above on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee Offer. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

☐ I enclose $1.98 in advance with my order. Send the Plastic Compass to me all postage charges prepaid.

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

COOL UNDER FIRE!
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO MAKE SPEECHES LIKE THAT, QUICKIE?
I'D RATHER HAVE A BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA!
FIRE!
FIRE! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
SUDDENLY SMOKE CURLS FROM THE PLATFORM--A TONGUE OF FLAME! THE AUDITORIUM IS ON FIRE! A WOMAN SCREAMS--QUICKLY PANIC SPREADS!
HEY, YOU'RE RUNNING THE WRONG WAY! "R.C."!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS PANIC! C'MON, QUICKIE!
WALK! DON'T RUN! THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME!
SURE IS HOT UP HERE! WISH I HAD SOME FROSTY ROYAL CROWN COLA!
LEAPING FROM SEAT TO SEAT, THE BOYS FIGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH THE PANIC STRICKEN CROWD AND CLIMB UP ON STAGE.
LOOK AT THOSE BOYS UP THERE...! GUESS THE FIRE MUST BE UNDER CONTROL.
NOT SO FAST, BUDDY... THOSE FELLAS SAY THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME!
WALK! PLEASE, WALK!
STEP ON IT, QUICKIE... EVERYBODY'S OUT NOW!
CRASH!
EE-EYOW!! JUST IN TIME!
THAT WAS BRAVE WORK, LADS...YOUR COOLNESS PREVENTED A DISASTER.
THANKS, SIR. BUT MY COOLNESS IS ALL GONE NOW. I NEED SOME OF THAT ROYAL CROWN COLA TO QUICK ME UP!
CANDY KITCHE
ROYAL CROWN COLA SERVED HERE
I'LL BUY YOU BOYS EVERY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA IN THE PLACE. YOU DESERVE IT!
I COULD DRINK EVERY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA IN THE WORLD!
RIGHT, QUICKIE. THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S THE BEST-TASTING COLA IN THE WORLD!
ROYAL CO.
WESTERN STAR
JOHNNY MACK BROWN SAYS:
HE'S PLENTY RIGHT! IT DOES TASTE BEST!
Johnny Mack Brown, famous cowboy star, tried leading colas in paper cups and picked one best tasting. It was Royal Crown Cola! Try it yourself. Say "RC for me." That's the quick way to get a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test.
See Johnny Mack Brown in "BORDER BANDITS" A Monogram Picture
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by taste-test
ROYAL CROWN COLA
5¢
5¢